

Saint Andrew's College Review

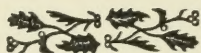


Christmas
1932

The Town of Aurora

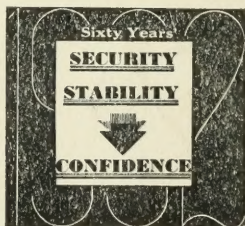
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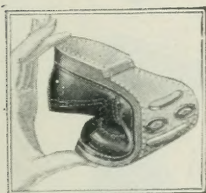
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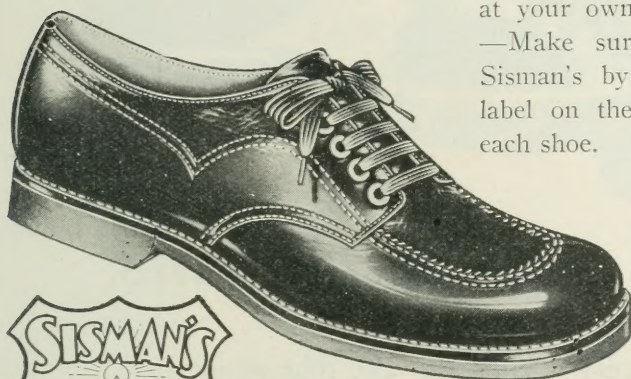
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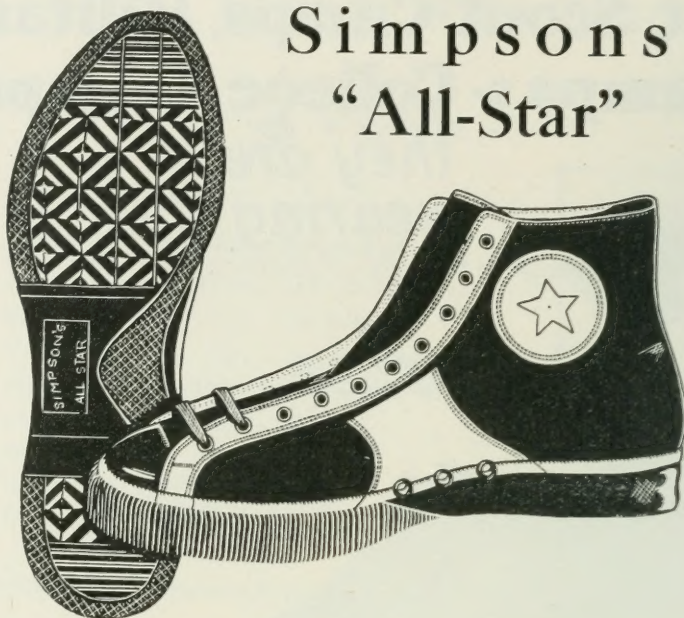


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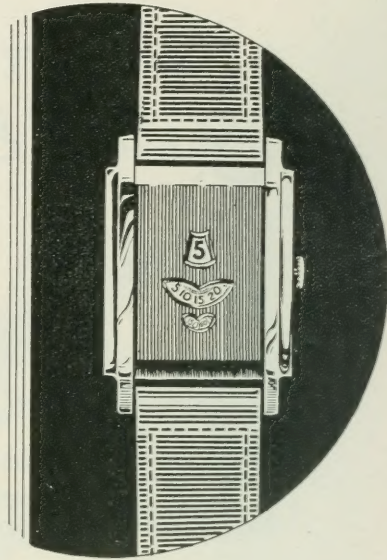
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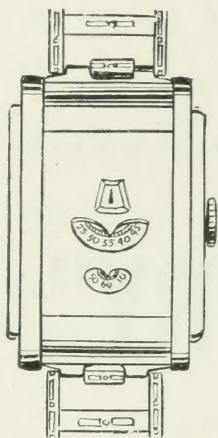
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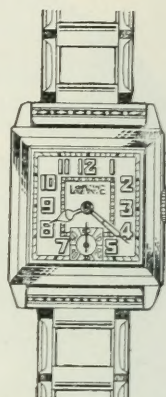
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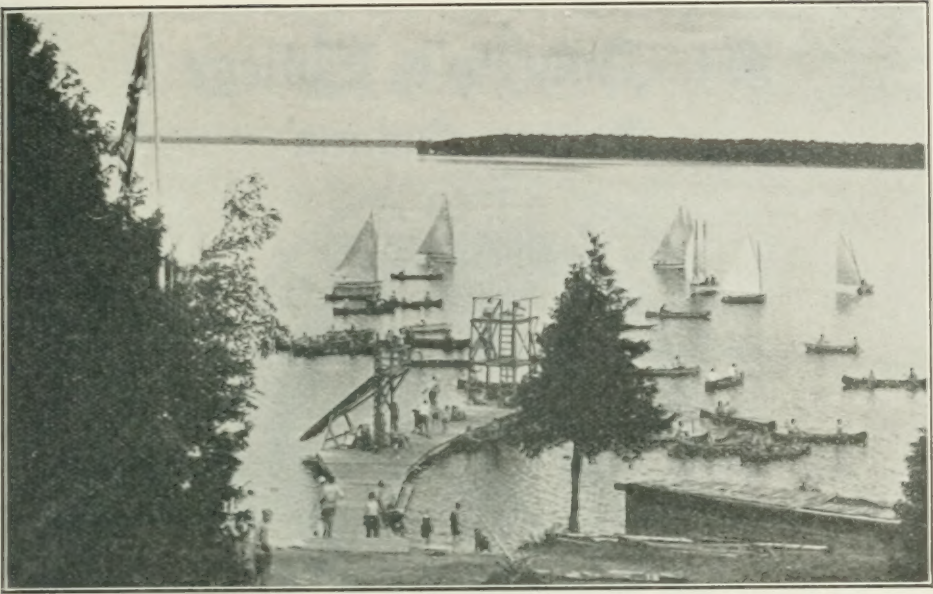
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The St. Andrew's College Review



Christmas 1932

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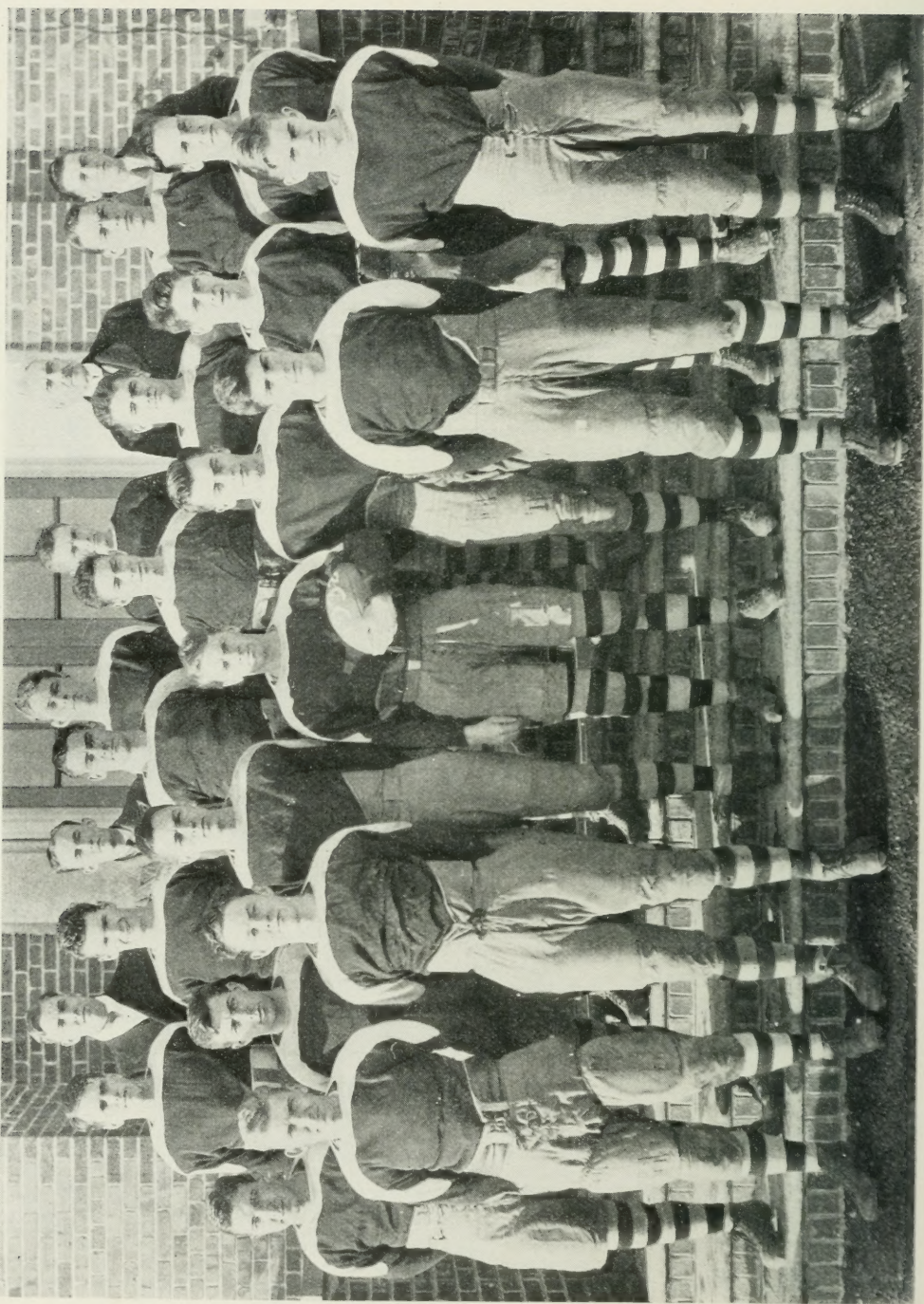
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*The aim of the REVIEW is
to present a faithful record
of the life of the school,
and to seek to embody the
spirit of St. Andrew's as
expressed in the school
motto—*

Ἀνδρίζεσθε, Κραταίουσθε.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	15
THE LATE MR. C. S. BLACKWELL	19
ARTICLES	
One Aspect of the Railway Situation	20
The Romance of New Scotland	22
School Music	28
Britain's Greatest Air Disaster	29
Physical Education or Physical Culture	33
The Last Buccaneer	34
On Making Stained Glass Windows	38
POEMS	
On First Looking into My Dismal Future	37
"Dost thou look back . . . "	41
SCHOOL NEWS	
Sports Day	42
Prize Day	45
Literary Society	47
Cadet Corps	49
An Intellectual Week-End	50
Lower School Activities	51
St. Andrew's at the Exhibition	61
CHAPEL NOTES	48
SPORTS	
Rugby, First Team	52
Bearcats	62
Lower School Rugby and Soccer	64
The Cross-Country Runs	66
EXCHANGES	67
OLD BOYS' NEWS	69
SKITS	75



FIRST RUGBY TEAM

St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas, 1932



IF old boys only knew how glad we are to have them drop in and pay us a little visit, they would surely come more often than they do. Several "old-timers" have favoured us in this way during the Autumn term and have made the sun shine brighter. One of them ("Bud" Davison, '09) in the summer holidays brought the lady of his choice with him and was married at the College. This was the first wedding to be held in our new chapel. Then for the Old Boys' rugby match a score of "war-horses" came along, and what a time they had! Imagine Ev. Smith playing his first game in twenty-three years and revelling in it. He surely did, and so did they all. We all felt young and happy together again.

The buildings and grounds never looked more beautiful than they have this term. Seven summers of wise planning and hard work (a cheer for Harry Davis) have made them almost perfect. The town of Aurora, as you know, lies in a kind of saucer. We are on the upper rim among the woods and hills. Come up sometime with Alan Ramsey, and have a cup of tea.

"And how do you like living in Aurora?" So asks every old boy, and we truthfully reply, "Even better than living right in Toronto." Now more than ever we realize that the choice of this site for our permanent home was a wise one. We are proud of the place and of what has been

done. You should have seen "Pep" Paisley on Prize Day showing Premier Henry over the "plant", as the latter termed it. Pardon: it is more than a plant; it is a blooming flower! We have an ideal home, high above, yet near enough to the city, and, as all the boys are in residence, we feel like one large and happy family,

St. Andrew's College first opened her gates in Chestnut Park in September, '99, just thirty-three and one-third years ago; and so you see, if you figure it out, that with this issue of the REVIEW we are exactly a third of a century old. Several of the masters have been on the staff from the very first year; several others joined us in our first decade, and we are still going stronger than ever. Some of your sons are now with us. We look upon you old boys as peculiarly our own, and that is why we are so glad to see you.

Fresh laurels have been added to the crown of our worthy Head. He has been appointed Chairman of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto, succeeding his life-long friend, Dr. Cody, now President of the University. His acceptance of this high office caused Dr. Macdonald to resign his position as Vice-Chairman of the Board of the Toronto General Hospital, although he will continue to act as a member of that Board. On relinquishing the vice-chairmanship, Dr. Macdonald was presented with a finely executed and handsomely bound address, so eulogistic in its expression of appreciation that his modesty will hardly allow any reference to it. We have managed to slip into this issue, also, a little picture of a garden party held at Buckingham Palace last July, at which Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald were presented to their majesties the King and Queen.

We wish to welcome to the staff Mr. Kenneth G. B. Ketchum, B.A. (Tor.), who has come to us from Trinity College School, Port Hope, to take charge of the French department and also of Memorial House. Mr. Ketchum has already won for himself a warm place in the hearts of masters and boys alike, among the latter especially as coach of the "Bear Cats", a middle-school rugby team, who have almost redeemed a rather unfortunate season by their prowess at football. Indeed, this young gentleman must be somewhat of a specialist in the winning of hearts, for Dame Rumour whispers that an interesting event will take place in the chapel during the Christmas recess, an event interesting in more ways than one, but no more at present (page Mr. Robinson).

Mr. J. Y. S. Ross, for many years in charge of music at the College, has after a brief absence returned to assume the position of resident



GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

music master. He is in Flavelle House with the Dean. Living, as we do, amid the beauties of nature, we have found not only that the boys have improved in health, but, odd as it may seem, that their voices have become more musical. Perhaps they have caught it from the birds, but the fact remains that singing in the school has never been so good as it is now. We have every hope that under Mr. Ross's experienced leadership the music will rise to an even higher standard, not only in the newly organized Glee Club, but particularly in the chapel services, with our old friend at the console of the new organ.

For the first time in the history of the school, Games Day was held this year in the Autumn term. We were favoured with ideal weather and a large attendance. The events were all keenly contested, and were thoroughly enjoyed by the parents and friends who spent the afternoon with us.

Prize Day, too, held on November 2nd, was a conspicuous success. The large hall was taxed to capacity; the behaviour and singing of the boys touched a new high level; the speeches of the distinguished visitors

who distributed the prizes were of exceptional freshness and interest to old as well as young. Several new voices were heard in addition to the familiar ones of Sir Joseph Flavelle, Sir Robert Falconer, and Dr. H. J. Cody. Rev. Stanley Rusell spoke with such ease and eloquence that we should like him to dictate our editorials. Bishop Renison, the new rector of St. Paul's, aroused enthusiasm for a broader Canadianism. The Prime Minister of Ontario, Hon. George S. Henry, who is also the Minister of Education, paid us his first official visit and was the guest of honour. In his address the Hon. Mr. Henry spoke of his constant interest in St. Andrew's College since its inception, and evoked an outburst of applause from the boys by asking the Headmaster to give a half-holiday to mark the occasion. This we enjoyed on Saturday morning, Nov. 19th.

It has been decided to issue only two numbers of the REVIEW during this academic year, the first at Christmas and the second at midsummer. While appreciating to the full the value of the training, not to mention the pleasure, which the boys derive from the work, we feel that it is hardly fair to expect them to produce, within the last few months of the year, two issues that crowd upon each other just when that grim spectre, matriculation, is looming up before us.

The Board of Governors has suffered a deeply regretted loss in the decease of Mr. C. D. Blackwell, who for years gave of his best both in time and in service for the welfare of the College. The Headmaster, an old and intimate friend of Mr. Blackwell, pays a tribute to his memory in this number of the REVIEW.

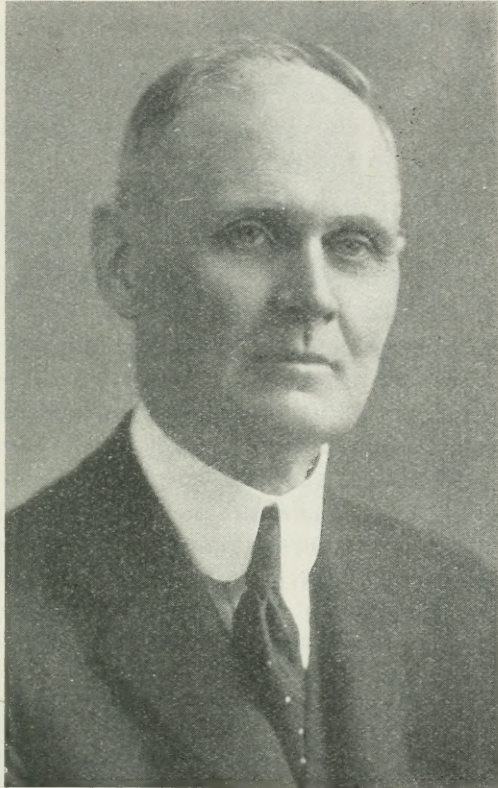
In closing may we salute our readers with the age-old wish that all may have a joyful Christmas, that even the youngest boy may catch the significance of the season,—a glimmer of the Star that ever shines, however dark the night, to lead us on to better and happier days.

Mr. C. S. Blackwell

THE sudden passing of Mr. C. S. Blackwell in London, England, on June 23rd, 1932, left many gaps in the life of Toronto, and not the least of these is in the Board of Governors of St. Andrew's College. Mr. Blackwell's many interests, his wide business experience, his spirit of public service, and his quiet Christian faith rendered his counsel and support of unusual value in the affairs of the school, on whose Board he was an active member since February, 1924.

Possessed of keen insight and an analytical mind, ever influenced by generosity of heart and an increasing breadth of view, he will be long mourned by colleagues who regarded him with high respect and deep affection. To these qualities must be added a kindly interest in the boys' activities, and an ever ready willingness to visit the school when occasion required it. Indeed, St. Andrew's College has lost a great and good friend whose place it will not be easy to fill. We are not unmindful of the fact that it is a loss shared with many varied activities in the life of a busy community. To his many interests Mr. Blackwell brought a zeal, earnestness, sympathy and a conscientious effort which spelled efficiency, and won both respect and affection.

In the history of the Toronto General Hospital his name will always hold a place of high honour, for during the long period of his chairmanship of the Board of Trustees of that institution he answered unwaveringly and unselfishly the demands of a public stewardship of high importance. Consolidation, followed by expansion in order to meet the growing needs of a large community, form the story of his hospital leadership, and the new Private Patients' Pavilion remains as a lasting monument to a chairman of happy memory.



One Aspect of the Railway Situation

CANADA is at present grappling with a unique situation in transportation. This has been precipitated largely by the advent of the motor truck. The versatility and economy of this vehicle on inter-city hauls have caused it to become a formidable competitor of the railway in this field.

There may be some who feel that if the motor truck is so much more thrifty in this type of haul that it should be allowed to supersede the railway entirely. There are, however, several very concrete reasons in opposition to such a policy.

The primary reason is that the railway rate schedules were drawn up many years before the railways had any serious rivals. Then, through years of uninterrupted and unrivalled service, the whole fabric of the railway organization became modelled on this basis. It was considered at that time, as it has since been proved, that the grain, lumber, mineral, and other possibilities of Canada were her assurance of a bright future. In order to give an impetus to the development of these, they were given an extremely preferential freight rate, which necessitated a proportionate increase in all other rates. The rates most noticeably affected were those on short inter-city merchandise. As the amount of this merchandise to be carried daily varies, the railway was put to the extra expenditure of always being prepared for a maximum of activity and very often this preparation was wasted. Therefore, on account of the aforementioned reasons, the rates on short distance merchandise, although not exorbitant, were of necessity high. The result is, that at present, with the arrival of the motor age, the merchandise shippers are gradually diverting their trade to the far more economical truck. This leaves the railways operating at a definite loss unless they raise the rates considerably on grain, lumber, minerals, etc. This would automatically kill the market for these articles in foreign markets by reason of the tremendous increase in price. Lack of a market for these goods would ruin the basic industries of our nation, and it is thus quite imperative that cheap railway rates be available for them.

Many large manufacturing and distributing firms have their own fleets of trucks. This enables them to market and distribute their products with less overhead than if they depended on transportation facilities offered by the railway or a trucking corporation. But the railway, which should be a national asset, is becoming a liability under existing conditions. Therefore, prohibitive licenses must be levied on trucks owned by firms which are obtaining excessive profits at the expense of Canada's

most important public utility, her railway. Trucks which do not cut into railway revenues, however, should be exempted from this fee.

Retaining the present system of railway operation and the low rates for basic commodities results in the government paying the annual deficit. The government in turn shifts the onus onto the nation's back in the form of taxes. This may be avoided, however, if the railway takes over the truck corporations and operates the truck where it is more economical than transportation by rail. The profit the railway could earn by this method would help balance its accounts and reduce the annual deficit. The trucks operated by the railway would naturally be exempted from prohibitive taxation.

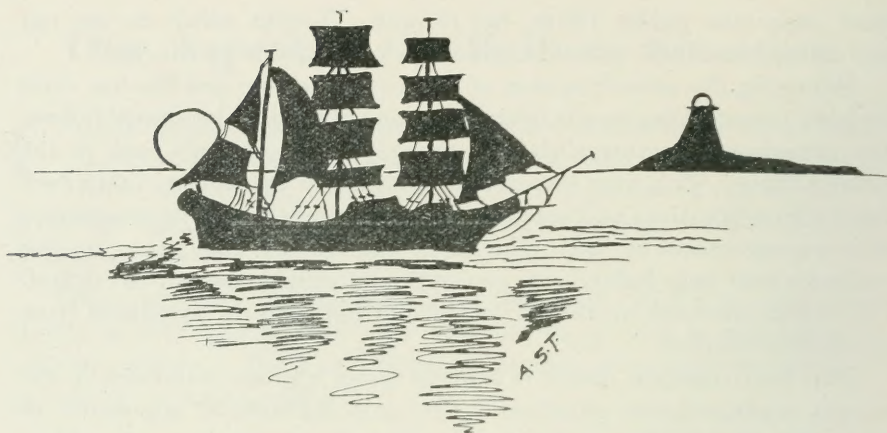
This very common theory is held by many who are interested in the present transportation situation. The only substantial opposition to this policy is the desire of the trucking corporations and manufacturing concerns to retain their independence. The selfish aspect must be overlooked, however, if we are to reach a quick and practical solution for this difficult problem.

Only a very limited consideration of one reason for the railway failure has been discussed in the foregoing paragraph. This reason is the simplest of the many and complicated ones which have combined to cause the present situation, but I hope, nevertheless, that it will be of interest to all who read it.

E. E. ROBERTSON, L VI.



THE FIRST SNOWFALL



The Romance of New Scotland

THE gnarled finger of Time has turned page upon page in that yet unfinished chronicle, the history of Nova Scotia, pages of poignant sorrow and triumphant jubilation mellowed by the long forgotten hopes and fears of two nations.

That mysterious Presence to whom the blind forces of Nature are subject, has endowed this little land with many of His most rare and beautiful gifts—the gaunt hills and crags of Norway; the fragrant spruces of northern Russia; the sequestered fishing villages of Devon; and the pastoral meadows and orchards of Flanders: a kaleidoscopic tapestry interwoven with turquoise lakes and bays.

It was against this background that the Norsemen beached their weather-marred craft, hauling them up over the moist pebbles away from the clutches of the incoming tide. Gulls wheeled above the smoke of their beach fire as they shouted their thanks to Thor for his guidance, gulls whose wailing cries sounded the dirge of many a Breton fisherman, who, from the still grey of an Atlantic fog, caught a blurred vision of grim death as his frail shell was swept relentlessly forward, gashed and split on jagged reefs.

Every splintered timber and every vague surmise was fuel to the fire of ambition which consumes fearless men in every age.

It was as the first pale streak of dawn after the uncertainty of night; as the knife-edged notes of the reveille on the morning air, when the Baron de Lery dropped anchor in the blue waters of Canso Bay. In handing out her laurels History passed by the Baron in favour of a more dramatic figure with smiling grey eyes and a list of talents which outnumbered those of most of his colleagues,—Champlain, for it was he

drew up maps of this land for Henry IV of France. There are always those who will attempt to pick flaws in the work of a great man. So it was that civilization with its blessings and curses entered upon a land whose mountains and valleys, since the beginning of Time, had reverberated with footsteps, now softly as the fragrant breath of Summer in the pine forests, now loudly as the icy Atlantic thunders up the Bay of Fundy; the footsteps of the Eternal.

If, in three centuries, Man has taken a measure of her natural beauty, he has replaced it with a wealth of tradition that outshines all of Canada's other provinces.

The town of Annapolis Royal, founded in 1605, is the oldest settlement in Canada. It is not hard to imagine that tiny ship which bore the first colonists ploughing through the Digby Gut into the serene purple of the Annapolis Basin, its snowy canvas swelling to the same fresh breeze which sweeps through that gash in the endless hills, and churns up the froth about the steamer from St. John.

Perhaps some of the descendents of that little band at Port Royal were amongst those who clustered in nervous anxiety around the door of a small frame chapel on a misty autumn evening, awaiting a fate, the very uncertainty of which rendered it the more appalling.

Longfellow, in "Evangeline", pictures the emotions of these Acadian farmers, torn by the British from their homesteads in the peaceful village Grand-Pré, and scattered to the far corners of the earth. Whatever one's opinion as to Longfellow's handling of this situation, and there are many, one cannot fail but be impressed with his powers of description as he tells of the foggy darkness blotting out the twilight and the neglected oxen lowing for shelter in the fields, while the little group of Acadian peasants assembled in the chapel for the last time:—

"Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria sang they,

And fell on their knees, and their souls with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven."

The village of Grand-Pré is no more. Since that morning in early autumn when the British ships sailed out of the Minas Basin, leaving in their wake a pile of smoking ruins and the blasted ambitions of an exiled people, Grand-Pré has been a memory.

On the grassy plain left by the receding Atlantic, and a short distance from the University town of Wolfville, is a beautiful garden filled with

masses of exquisite flowers. At one end, against a background of ancient Normandy willows, stands a museum built in the form of a stone chapel. In front of it there is a bronze statue of a young woman looking into the sunset. Her face, at first sight, seems to radiate all the unaffected sweetness of youth; on closer inspection, however, it appears puckered and drawn with sorrow and suffering. The statue is that of Evangeline, and the park in which it stands was created on the site of Grand-Pré, a beautiful memorial to one of the unhappiest events in History.

The Annapolis Valley, walled in from the Bay of Fundy by a range of undulating hills, embraces much that has gone to make up the historical background of Nova Scotia. Here are still to be seen yokes of sad-eyed oxen plodding stolidly through country lanes followed by lumbering wagons. Scattered here and there along the coast, lie tiny settlements which might have been transplanted from the shores of the St. Lawrence. They are peopled by the last surviving remnants of a once proud colony who wandered back from exile to eke out a miserable living from the land of their forefathers. Here, on the shores of St. Mary's Bay, they till their sandy soil, build their fisheries, and weave their gay rugs, unmindful of changing seasons and customs.

In the purple dusk little fishing craft glide up to the old wharves at Digby and unload the day's haul, haddock, pickerel, cod, wrested from the heaving green of the Bay of Fundy. Perhaps, in their quest, they have ventured past the rocky headland of Digby Neck, where the swelling tides of Fundy lose themselves in the Atlantic; and from Digby Neck, across the shimmering silver of St. Mary's Bay, to Yarmouth on the south-west tip.

The town is a little bit of New England gone astray. Its high frame dwellings jammed in crazy zig-zag above the wooden paving blocks of ridiculously wide streets, and the climbing roses that cluster in profusion over its Georgian doorways, all belong down at Cape Cod.

Yarmouth is a town of fish, flowers, and fog. In it there is just about to be fog, there is fog, or there has just been fog. Every evening the white vapour rolls up from the sea in moist billows, obscuring the diminutive islands which guard the entrance to the harbour where the liners from Boston dock, and blanketing the old town. The people of Yarmouth take a morbid pride in their clammy affliction; they say that it is wonderful for tuberculosis, but seem uncertain whether as a cause or a cure.

The south shore of Nova Scotia presents an altogether different aspect from that of the Annapolis Valley. Between the two shores lie sixty miles of forest, unbroken save for a few lumber camps and saw mills dotted at random through the virgin wilderness.

From Sable Island, whose treacherous sand-bars have witnessed the

untimely end of so many staunch vessels, to the howling extremity of Cape Breton, the coastline is broken into innumerable bays and islands, in and around which the Atlantic hurls itself in a welter of foamy white.

Lunenburg is steeped in the odour of fish, tar and new hemp. From its snug little harbour the fleet of red-sailed fishing smacks go out to meet the grey dawn. The tall masts, the blackened sheds, and the rows of iron-bound barrels carry one back in thought to the days before steam drove the white-winged clipper ships from the seven seas. The wraith of the "Bluenose", fastest and most famous of all Nova Scotian barques, overshadows Lunenburg. There are those among the sea-faring people who recall with shining eyes, the crowds that gazed enthralled as, fresh from new triumphs, she slid gracefully past the twin lighthouses, her long slim bow cleaving the emerald sea, her topsails flapping in the wind: a sight never to fade from the memory of those fortunate enough to have looked upon it.

Not far along the coast from Lunenburg is Chester, yachting centre of Nova Scotia. The town itself sprawls on a hilly promontory surrounded on three sides by dozens of islands of various shapes and sizes, strewn about by some long-forgotten volcanic upheaval. According to legend, the notorious Captain Kidd, in an hour of necessity, entrusted his very considerable profits in the pirate trade to one of these islands. From ancient charts and writings, Posterity has since determined the probable site of the treasure's burying place, and has been excavating at intervals for over a century. So far all attempts to locate the gold have met with failure due to the quicksand which swallows up the shafts practically as soon as they are made. At the present time, an American concern is endeavouring to bring to light the missing hoard. With costly machinery including hydraulic pumps to clear off the sea water which is continually seeping through the sandy soil. They hope to uncover a sum of gold so small in comparison to the expense of the undertaking as to be of no monetary value; a sum of gold which, if ever buried there in the first place, has in all probability been removed; a sum which, if finally unearthed, would be claimed by the British Government.

The local belief is that nearly ninety years ago, when a mysterious lugger anchored off the island one night and disappeared the following morning, Captain Kidd's treasure left with it. The natives are at a loss to account for the ideas of the Americans, and consider the whole affair a huge joke. It probably is.

Halifax, founded in 1749, with the exception of Quebec and Montreal, Canada's most historic city. Into its comparatively small area has been forced enough history to do justice to an Old World town. The sea flows up on either side of Halifax in two great arms, creating a wonderful harbour into which the commerce of the world finds its way.

Since its inception nearly two hundred years ago, the city has been a shipbuilding centre. Its old shipyards have echoed successively to the whine of the saw and the roar of the riveting machine. As a base for English gunboats during the siege of Louisbourg, as a safe anchorage for British commerce hunted down by American privateers during the War of 1812, and finally as an Allied Naval Base during the last war, Halifax harbour has played an important part in guiding the destinies of the English speaking world. Here it was that Samuel Cunard, founder of the magnificent line that bears his name, constructed the first ship to cross the Atlantic under steam. It is said that his wife prayed for a safe voyage every time one of his ships left port. Until the disaster of the *Lusitania*, the Cunard Line had never lost a ship.

The city of Halifax is dominated by a hill upon which stands the maze of walls, trenches, and buildings which compose the second most formidable fortification in North America, from the ramparts of which not a shot has ever been fired in defence of the city. In the last few years, all the troops have been removed, and now its sole defenders are a handful of garrulous veterans who recount its former glories for a trifling sum. They tell of the American fleet which attempted to enter the harbour under cover of night, with the assistance of a Scottish gentleman called McNab. He directed them through the wrong channel and they all ran aground. An old codger with a walrus moustache renders a graphic description of the event. Standing on the crumbling breastworks of the fortress, he points toward the harbour:

"When mornin' come," he shouts, "there they was all piled up t' other side o' that there island, and the crews a rowin off in life boats fast as they could git!"

It is this same guide who goes into lurid detail about the famous Halifax Explosion, when during the war a transport ship rammed a oil tanker in the harbour.

"The oil tanker's anchor was ripped off, blowed clean acrost the city and fell into the North West Arm, three mile away," he concludes.

Halifax is a beautiful city; its public gardens contain the finest botanical collection on the continent. It is a military city; the clear high notes of bugles can be heard on quiet evenings. More than these, it is a city of relics; St. Paul's Church in Halifax is the oldest Protestant Church in Canada, and the only one with a Royal Charter and permission to hang the Royal Standard in its chancel, it also boasts a Communion Service donated by Queen Anne. Near venerable old St. Paul's with its box-like pews and musty Georgian atmosphere, stands the equally old House, once seat of the Colonial Government. Standing in the public Province enclosure of its heavily gilded Senate chamber during a stormy session, Charles Dickens remarked that it was like looking at Westminster

through the wrong end of a telescope. Despite the fact that it is now devoted to government offices, this ancient grey edifice still conjures up memories of an earlier day—memories that it shares with countless other landmarks of lesser importance, which, like it, the tides of commerce have been unable to sweep away, and which still testify in mute eloquence to the day of beaver hats, fancy vests, and polka dot cravats.

There may be a hundred Torontos in this world, but there is only one Halifax.

In the city of Edinburgh not far from Holyrood palace, there are a few acres of ground belonging to Nova Scotia. When King James created an order of baronets in the country which had been won from the French, he stipulated that they should live in that country. When the gentlemen of the court refused to make this sacrifice, the Scottish king went on record as the first man to succeed in bringing Mohamed to the mountain; he herded them all together in Edingurgh and presented them with enough property on which to make their homes—this he called Nova Scotia. It was this same king who gave to the people of the country the flag which they still proudly display much to the envy of less favoured Canadians.

The North East coast which includes Cape Breton Island with its weird mountain peaks and silent bottomless lakes, is still another feature of a land whose loveliness never palls, where every mile discloses some startling grandeur, every road, some unexpected beauty spot. It was the striking resemblance of this district to the Scottish Highlands which earned for the whole province the name of Nova Scotia, or New Scotland, and in and around Pictou the soft musical speech of the Highlander lingers on.

Bars of golden sunlight slanting through pine woods; crystal torrents swirling and tumbling onward to the vast ocean; purple hills and green valleys, azure skies and sapphire seas—these are the setting for the Romance. The story itself cannot be written for it is taking place to-day.

Longfellow in the concluding lines of "Evangeline", penned these words: "Thousands of weary feet where theirs have completed their journey." So it is with us, and so it will continue to be as generation succeeds generation until He who is the Author of all things, rolls up the scroll of the nations and writes "finis" to the Romance of New Scotland.

THE AMBASSADOR.

School Music

MUSIC has been defined as the language of the emotions. This is perfectly true, but to one who has advanced far enough there is a great intellectual pleasure in listening to certain kinds of great music. Music which appeals to the more primal and cruder forms of emotion is, I am sorry to say, most in favour with the average schoolboy. I should be glad if this short article were the means of awakening, in some minds, an appreciation of some of the simpler but higher aspects of music. The jazz music of the present day is only a very moderately civilized version of the primitive music of the jungle savages of the west coast of Africa. Most of it which has any merit at all has been borrowed from the classics with the music left out.

It offends good taste because the emotions it excites are such as should not be expressed or listened to in public.

It offends a musical ear because of its senseless monotony and repetition, and its lack of good melody and variety.

The other popular form of music, namely "crooning", is perhaps worse than the former because it is not music; it is a contradiction of everything that means music, which is first and last an art of expression by means of sweet sound.

Most boys also think that the "good" music is new music. Ninety-nine per cent. of the present day music will be forgotten in a few months. Age is the best test of good music, as of many other things. So why not try and appreciate the things which have stood the test of time as recognized by competent authorities? Why not try to see the beauty of that which has appealed to the cultured minds of people of all civilized countries?

Who cannot see the infinite superiority of "Drink to me only with thine eyes" to the maudlin sentimental ditties of to-day; its dignified poetic verse wedded to a tune which has stood the criticism of centuries?

Who cannot see in a "Menuet" by Handel the beauty of melody and rhythm as compared to the tom-tom monotony and poverty of invention of a present day fox trot?

These things of to-day will pass as have many others, but the two examples mentioned will still be accepted as universal art long after jazz and its companions have gone the way of their numerous predecessors. Let us form our conceptions and opinions of music from these better things, because they would have disappeared long since if they had not had the beauty of sound and the universal appeal to the best in us, which is the characteristic of all which is great in the art of music.

J.Y.S.R.

Britain's Greatest Air Disaster

ON October 4th, 1930, the aerodrome at Cardington, England, was alive with buzzing activity.

Multitudes of people, marshalled into order by mounted policemen, gazed speechlessly at the greatest airship in the world, the majestic R-101, as she rode gently at her lofty anchor.

In a few minutes she was to cast off on her test-flight, the destination being Munich, Germany; last minute supplies were trundled aboard from the specially designed mooring-mast, which now boasted a tiny lift to convey the passengers high into the air from where they boarded the massive balloon.

The commotion ceased abruptly, a hushed silence descended upon the crowd; then, precisely at 7.36 p.m., amidst a roaring of voices and screaming of automobile horns, the great zeppelin, the latest word in modern aviation, slipped from her moorings and rose silently to a greater height, from where an audible roar was heard as two of the gigantic Rolls-Royce engines were throttled into action.

Slowly her bullet-like nose swung eastwardly towards the English channel, her cabin lights twinkling merrily from under the massive structure.

Below, in the little gondolas, two more of the mighty engines thundered into play; at once the great thing above surged ahead, rising higher as she did so.

The ship carried a crew of thirty-seven men besides five officers and eleven officials. All were busy; some noting the response of the dirigible to her helm, others as to how she reacted when encountering the higher winds. She was equipped with six large envelopes containing hydrogen. The interior of the balloon was a mass of steel girders, along which ran a narrow cat-walk from where the officer on duty inspected the gas registers and other appliances situated in the aluminum hull.

Later, responding to the buzz of the ship's wireless, the operator was informed of a storm sweeping down from the north, over the channel. On arrival of this unwelcome news, the course was altered to a more southerly direction, but the storm could not be avoided.

At length, now rolling more violently, she made her way over the channel where swept jagged, black, angry, sprawling clouds, pouring a freezing thin drizzle of rain, as they enveloped the silver sides of the massive airship.

She was tossed about more roughly now, and owing to the great weight she carried, was losing altitude steadily.

Below, between a puff of scurrying clouds, were discernible upon the heaving waters, the lights of some little vessel gradually being blotted out under the low-lying haze.

The rain now drummed a weary tattoo against the large windows of the luxurious main cabin, where a few light-hearted passengers sat passing away the time by reading, playing cards and chatting, little knowing what a great disaster was soon to befall them.

After sailing on through solid walls of fog, she at last rode over French soil, where the worst atmospheric conditions were yet to be encountered.

The wind was rising more now, indeed it seemed like a very tempest was raging about them.

Above the howling of the storm a ghostly scream was heard, due to the passage of air along the streamlined hull and fins of the dirigible.

The six motors had droned on unerringly so far, then the ship seemed to hold back, the motors in the rear gondola had seized!

Hampered thus, the ship slowly began sinking. Lightness was essential. To buoy her up again, the commander ordered the ballast dropped. At once a thousand pounds of pig-iron was thrown over. The airship now rose higher but was no longer on an even keel.

After one more frantic endeavour to right herself, her nose dipped violently, then pointed frantically skyward. As the stern of the ship fell back into a sideslip, the lower fin was torn to shreds, leaving her crippled and uncontrollable.

Then there came a blinding flash followed closely by a roaring of thunder; the balloon shook as a lifelike thing and rolled over on her side, then commenced to plunge dizzily earthward!

Everything was in a turmoil inside; one of the huge bags had sprung a leak from the terrific pressure dealt upon it; a loud hiss denoted the escape of the valuable gas; a crash was unavoidable; men scurried hither and thither, thrown against each other with every drunken lurch of their doomed balloon. To add to the confusion, the lights flickered and went out, leaving the passengers groping blindly in the terrifying blackness.

Far below, on the outskirts of the tiny village of Allone, two French peasants gazed upwards speechlessly at the terrible panorama above, laid bare by the flashes of lightning. They saw her give a convulsive roll and dive head-on into a hillside!

Crash! A rending of fabric.

She split up through the middle; a curtain of flame leaped out and soon enveloped the gigantic hull; the remaining gas-bags exploded in rapid succession amidst a shower of sparks and twisted girders which were thrown high into the air.

Suddenly several figures with flaming clothing, detached themselves from the tangled mass, which was blazing furiously, and rushed headlong down the hill.

The whole land for miles around was lighted by the devastating glare.

Then one last boom rent the air, a cloud of smoke that had covered the wreck ascended; the rain left the hulk a sizzling mass.

Now a few terrified farmers arrived on the scene, jabbering unintelligibly, but offering no assistance.

Soon the whole village of Allone was agog with excitement; the gendarmes arrived and formed a cordon around the charred, glowing, blackened girders.

After a diligent search for any remaining life, the ambulance carried away eight badly burnt and injured men, the only survivors from the crew of fifty-three.

Such great dignitaries as the Air Minister, Lord Thomson, the director of civil aviation, Sir Sefton Brancker, R. B. B. Colmore, director of airship development, and scores of others holding lesser posts, lost their lives in this memorable disaster.

It is the following day at sunrise. Let us view the wreck, once worth five million dollars, which now lay a twisted worthless mass shattered by the explosion, her nose-girders grounded deep into the hillside, the battered tail half suspended in mid-air. In short the structure had the appearance of a blackened spider's web, twisted, broken, jagged girders covering lifeless forms, now reduced to charred skeletons, far beyond recognition. Bits of machinery, gigantic cogs, chains and dented tanks lay strewn far around.

Little bands of white-coated men stepped in among the debris, lifting silently what remains could be found into boxes, to be taken into Allone by the ambulances, which were kept busy carrying away the dead to the roughly hewn caskets awaiting them in the village.

Two days later all forty-seven persons were accounted for. Then, accompanied by a regiment of soldiers, the funeral march was begun to the British battleship awaiting their arrival on the Channel.

On the way a mortally wounded man died, bringing the total of killed up to forty-eight.

On arrival in England the procession marched slowly to London, where the dead men were borne through densely-packed streets to their final resting place.

All that day England was stilled; flags clung dejectedly at half-mast.

Then on October 14th, the forty-eight flaged-draped caskets were

lowered into one large common grave, to the strains of the Grenadier Guards band playing the famous funeral dirge.

A final volley was fired.

Thus ended the greatest air calamity in the history of aviation, which momentarily lulled activities and development in the air all over the world.

A. S. THOMPSON, Form IV



A SUNDAY GROUP

Physical Education or Physical Culture

IT is not intended to enter into a detailed discussion of physical education or physical culture, but rather to point out the differences between the two.

Supporters of physical culture have often been heard to say that what we learn in the gymnasium or on the athletic field can be learned just as well and more economically over the wood-pile. They consider man as composed of so many muscles and their aim is perspiration and large muscles. Mere exercise for the body does make for better digestion, increases the strength of the muscles, improves general metabolism and increases the body's powers of resistance to disease and infection.

Physical education in contrast views man as a unity of mind and body, and as a consequence has higher aims. Physical education calls for more than a smooth-working physiological machine. It is more a matter of the nervous system and leads to the growth of the more desirable qualities in human personalities. Wrestling by professionals, the acrobatics of the stage, the cheap accomplishment anywhere is not the standard. Inspiration for finer manhood cannot come from mere physical exertion. There must be imagination, spirit and ideals.

Physical education endeavours to fit the individual to the new age and it follows that it must be objective rather than subjective. The emphasis of physical culture is on the spectacle. The newer emphasis of physical education is upon participation by the individual. The new age demands social leaders, team play, ability to work with others. The present tendency in physical education seeks a system that provides knowledge, skill, self-control and aspirations as resultants of activities which in themselves are desirable ends and satisfying to human interests and desires. Activities such as team games, under proper direction and supervision, develop skill, body control, loyalty, truthfulness and honesty (by being in situations that require decision and action) and certain social values, and cooperation and self-sacrifice.

Physical education, when it exalts mental as well as physical talents, takes its place among the other agencies for the training of intellectual talents and for the building of desirable personalities.

G.G.

The Last Buccaneer

IT was in the year of our Lord 1742 that I, Jonathan Smith, an apprentice to an apothecary, Dr. Luddstone of Bristol, was making my way along the waterfront of that port. My business was to go to the offices of Messrs. Woodstock and Company, importers of tropical products, where I should receive a package of drugs for my employer. In those days Bristol was a thriving port for the ships of all nations and from where many a gallant privateer set sail to hunt down buccaneers and the craft of other nations with or without the king's commission. Upon arriving at the offices of Messrs. Woodstock and Company, I found to my annoyance that I was an hour earlier than I had expected, my time-piece being at the watchmaker's. So, to while away my time, I strolled along the wharf, looking at the various ships engaged in unloading their cargoes. These ships were of all nationalities, British, French, Dutch, Portuguese, Spanish and Levantine, besides many other nondescripts who flew any flag which suited the moment. As I was standing observing one particular craft, I noticed another onlooker watching the busy crew a few feet away. Suddenly he turned, and coming towards me, he asked me in a gruff voice where the cheapest bar for sailors was. I answered his question, but added that owing to regulations they were kept closed till nine in the morning. At this, my new acquaintance muttered something about "What was the world comin' to if an honest sailorman couldn't break his fast with a good glass of grog?" He then sat down on an empty barrel beside me and presently our conversation turned to ships and the sea, from which I gathered my questioner had seen quite a bit of both. During this talk I had a good chance of observing my companion's features. They were not exactly of a pleasing type, a broad weather-beaten face, surmounted by a nose like a hawk and marred only by a scar from the left eye to this chin; his eyes were of a steely blue and continually dancing and sparkling like the waves in the sunlight they had so often beheld. He was of medium stature and broad of shoulder. His clothing was also strange, an old battered three-cornered hat, a coat, with a frayed gold hem and tarnished brass buttons, a pair of many patches breeches, plain black hose and a pair of low-heeled, red leathered Spanish pumps with silver buckles, at one time no doubt the property of some Spanish Don. He seemed at first quite oblivious of my close scrutiny, but suddenly gave me a darting glance out of his eagle-like eyes, to note the effect of his person on me.

"Would you like to hear my story, sonny?" His voice rumbled in his chest questioningly.

"Yes," I eagerly replied.

Here he paused and cleared his throat, and spat meditatively.

"I was born in Plymouth town, 1698, when Sallow Will held the crown, of an honest, well-to-family of six. Just my parents, myself, a sister and a younger brother. My father owned a tannery, but it was soon apparent that I wasn't cut for a tanner. I was the disgrace of my family, and the wildest youth in town, always in trouble or jail, so that one day my father threw me out of my inheritance for good to shift for myself. Like most lads in trouble in those days I took to the sea, and two days after I signed on the *Vööräts*, a Dutch slaver bound for the island of Toree in West Africa.

"It was my first voyage and for a week I could hardly stand up, but gradually I became used to it and gained my sea-legs, as the saying goes. We had been three weeks out when I got my first smell of powder and blood. We fell in with a Spaniard who tried to board us, but we were well armed and managed to beat them off, so after a parting broadside they sheered off. Five weeks later after an uninterrupted voyage we arrived at Toree. Our captain, Jan Van Rotler, was a typical hard-headed, blunt, slow-speaking Dutch merchant, with no heart for his men and with one god, profit. From Toree we proceeded down the coast to the Dutch settlement of Accra, where we took on a cargo of cloves and cinnamon, and then sailed back along the coast to a native village where we picked up a cargo of slaves. I tell ye, sonny, it's no pleasure loading the black, stinking heathens into a hold as dark as night, smelling like decaying flesh two weeks old. It's enough to make you sick for days. Two weeks later yellow fever broke out among the niggers and they died like flies. Next the crew caught it and eight of them died, making us shorthanded, a bad thing in the tropics. I was lucky, and survived. Then we got into the doldrums and became becalmed, ran low in our provisions and water. To make matters worse, the niggers kept up a mournful moaning for their dead comrades, which no one could stop with any amount of lashing. Two men went mad and jumped overboard to the sharks; a third shot himself. The rest of us were so weak we could hardly throw the rotting niggers and our dead mates overboard. Conditions came to such a pass that mutiny broke out like a pent-up storm. Van Rotter, the first mate, and others were murdered in cold blood and went to feed the sharks. The mutineers, of whom I was one, decided to sail to the Azores, drop the slaves there and then go back to Holland and home, but fate willed it otherwise. A typhoon blew us off our course, and the main and mizzen masts went by the board, leaving us a drifting hulk. We were almost despairing when a French West Indianman, bound for Martinique, picked us, and a month later we arrived at Martinique, where we were landed to find employment as best we could.

"One night, while I was sitting in a tavern, a sleek, oily individual of doubtful race approached me and inquired if I was without any occupation. To this I replied "Yes". He said he was recruiting honest seamen for a venture with some profit in it. I, being a fool in matters of business, agreed to the contact and signed on the *Elizabeth Bartlett* of Boston, engaged in the sugar-trade. That night I was rowed to my ship, a long, low-lying barque of three masts. I clambered up the rope ladder onto the deck, where I was met by a tall mulatto who showed me my quarters, where, after depositing my belongings, I came on deck again I perceived a row of bulky objects covered with tarpaulins, which, upon examining, I found to be cannon. It was not strange, however, for merchantmen to carry arms in these troublous times, but my suspicions were aroused when the others were found to be the same and a bow-chaser over the fo'cse and two swivels at the stern all cleverly camouflaged. While I was wondering at this I heard shouting and the splash of oars; a boat bumped alongside and a swarm of half-drunk ruffians clambered aboard. They were one of the worst looking lot of fellows for a crew that I have ever seen, the scourings and scum of the main. There were English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, ear-ringed, bearded Italians, mulattoes, a huge Madagascar nigger and five runaway slaves. I knew now that I had been tricked, and that the villain who enlisted me was one of those men who are paid to recruit pirate crews under false pretences. However, I had no qualms as to the life that lay before and for thirty-odd years I led such a life of lust and wickedness that the devil wouldn't call me his own."

Here my narrator paused, and spat out twice as much tobacco as before; then he continued:

"Suddenly that life came to an end. I had joined a buccaneering outfit with its headquarters on the Isle of Avès, off the Bahamas. It was a pleasant place, too, basking in a hammock with a negro lass to fan you, with the wind sighing through the plams, and the muffled roar of the surf sounding in your ears, while overhead brilliant feathered macaws and colibris flitted from bough to bough. But just as suddenly all that was ended. A squadron of men-o'-war bore down on our haunt, and all through the day and night the battle roared; the crash of the broadsides, the clash, as pike, rapier and cutlass met in the death struggle. At night the flash of the guns and burning ships gave a terrible look to it; one moment you would speak to a man and then turn to fire a gun and when you looked around he would be lying on the deck in his last bloody convulsions. Blood ran like water out of the scuppers. Broadships of bar-shot and grape would leave the deck a gory shambles of dead and dying. At last it was over; they broke the boom at the harbour mouth and the last of our ships was taken. In the confusion I escaped in a small piragua

with a negro girl and tried to make the Bahamas, but we ran short of water and the slave-girl went raving mad with thirst and jumped overboard. For two more days I floated under a merciless sun, when I was picked up by a Bristol brig home-bound, a gibbering madman. Here I'll stay till I die; poor and begging, I guess, till I strike my flag to the Lord High Admiral of them all."

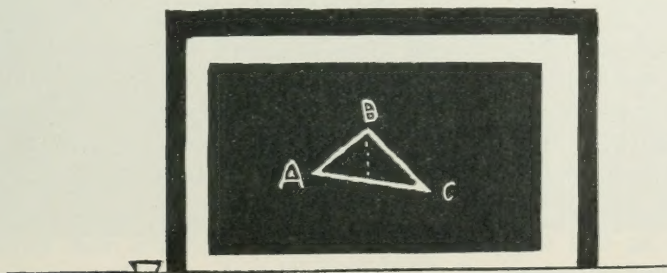
J. D. JONES, Form IV.

On First Looking Into My Dismal Future

*Why apologize to Keats?—He's passed on and cannot sue me,
Rather would I, Mr. Fleming, offer all my penance to thee.*

Much have I laboured in these classrooms cold,
And many maddened masters have I seen
Attempting to instil in my poor bean
That unimportant knowledge which, I'm told,
Is necessary to acquire and hold
If one's ambition is not streets to clean;
Yet, of their import did I never dream
Till I heard "E——" shout out loud and bold
Those awesome parables of youths whose lives
Were wrecked because they never learned that men
Who cannot grasp geometry,—though wise
Mayhap in all things else,—their lives are then
Futile, and as each passes from our eyes,
Silent, we mourn another Andread!

T. E. H.



On the Making of Stained Glass Windows

WHEN one enters a church or a public building with stained-glass windows, I wonder if one ever stops to think how they are made.

First of all, a small coloured sketch is prepared in which the smallest and minutest details are shown for reference during the future processes.

The artist, having completed the sketch, and being duly satisfied with it, makes a drawing or a "cartoon", which is the size of the completed window. This cartoon shows the lead lines and, in general, what the finished window will look like.

Next, a "cut-line" is traced from the cartoon showing the lead lines and steel bars only. This cut-line is used for making the patterns to shape the glass, and for glazing.

The cut-line, when completed, is placed on a large piece of carbon cloth, under which a sheet of stiff paper, known as pattern paper, has been placed. The cut-line, carbon cloth and pattern paper will, of course, have to be the size of the completed window. The worker goes over all the lead lines on the cut-line with a blunt knife or similar instrument, reproducing the lines on the pattern paper underneath.

Then comes the long tiresome job of cutting the patterns out. When they are cut out, they are laid upon the cut-line in their respective places, and with the aid of the cartoon the glass-cutter selects the proper shade of glass and cuts it according to the pattern.

The numerous small pieces of glass are then transferred to a skilled glass painter, who traces every line and detail shown on the cartoon on to the glass. The flesh is given to the flesh painter who specializes in painting flesh only. This is the most important part of the window as it takes about three times longer to produce than the remainder of the window.

The next operation is to mount all these pieces on a large sheet of plate glass in the position they will occupy in the finished window. This is accomplished by applying drops of melted wax between the pieces. Then the plate glass is placed upon an easel, and the artist tones the coloured glass to the proper colour by "stiffling". It is done by making a mixture of water or oil and a dark powder and after it has been applied to the glass it is tapped gently with a brush, similar to a shaving brush, producing a mottled effect making the subject and background as life-like as possible.

Following this the pieces are taken off, and the wax having been scraped from the edges, all the glass is placed on an iron tray on which

some plaster of paris has been sprinkled, smoothed off by drawing a strip of glass across it. This is done to keep the surface of the tray from scratching the colour on the glass. The trays are then placed in a large kiln or oven, which is sealed after the glass has been enclosed. The kiln is lighted and the glass remains there for about three hours. This is necessary to fuse the colour applied by the glass painter into the glass, thus making it a part of the glass.

Following this process it is ready to be glazed. This is done by laying the pieces of glass, now fired, on the cut-line and fitting strips of grooved lead between them. The joints are soldered and each section of the window, sometimes four or six, depending on the size of the window, is placed upon an easel for the artist's final inspection.

The final and one of the most important processes in the making of a stained-glass window is the cementing, which renders the window weather-proof. This is done by rubbing a mixture of putty, linseed oil and dryer over the section, making sure to rub it in between the glass and the grooves of the lead. Sawdust is thrown on and rubbed briskly with cotton waste, taking all the superfluous cement off the glass. Finally, a wire brush is used to shine the lead and to remove the cement from the edges of each small piece of glass, bound together by lead.

Altogether some eighteen operations are needed to produce a beautiful stained-glass window.

G. A. McCAUSLAND, L VI



A "HUT-AN'-TOT"

A Merry Christmas

THE streets of the city were bitter and raw that night. As he stumbled through the deepening snow, he wondered subconsciously why the wind lashed so cruelly at his frayed garments, and why the glaring lights dazzled his tired eyes. A while ago he had felt hungry and cold—numb; he remembered stamping his feet till they lost all feeling. Now as he peered down at them, they seemed to be shrivelling up to nothingness, and it occurred to him that perhaps they weren't there any more. There was something away inside the back of his head that kept growling bigger and bigger, forcing out everything, all the tangled thoughts and shattered hopes, the mental torture and the physical agony. He held his breath and waited for it to burst, wondering vaguely if this was the end.

* * * *

It came to him through a haze at first; that scene; the crackling fire, the dim candles suffusing, with a yellow glow, the happy faces that he knew.

His mother, arms folded, dozing in her rocker; his father leaning forward, stubby black pipe in one gnarled hand, the firelight flickering on silver hair, and twinkling on grey eyes; and there were other faces in the shadow beyond the ruddy glow.

The old man, his father, was speaking; how glad they all were that he had come home for Christmas, did he notice the holly sprigs over the old stone fireplace? Had he received his mother's last letter, she couldn't write so often now that her eyes were going, but she read everyone of his; the hopeful ones telling of wonderful opportunities in a wonderful country, the courageous ones acquainting them with his determination to get work, and his difficulties in finding it, and finally that last tragic epistle moaning defeat in every line.

Trouble and adversity vanished, and the little room was mellowed with cheer and thankfulness. His mother rocked blissfully in the creaking old chair, his father drew on the charred pipe, humming an old Christmas hymn of peace and rejoicing. The others joined the bowed figure in the fading firelight, and as the words left their lips, they seemed to be caught up by a great unseen choir till their voices became drowned in a flood of angelic harmony—

* * * *

"Hey Pat, for the love of Heaven look at this! The poor guy's frozen stiff right on the main street. Why, I almost tripped over him—nice looking fellow, too, might 'a bin something if he'd 'a had half a chance.

Shure an' it was only yisterday the mayor promised to have them all fed on Christmas, an' here it is Christmas Eve an' him lyin there in the snow with maybe a wife and kids waiting up for him." The first policeman straightened up and shook off the loose snow. "I'll run down to the corner and call the morgue. You'd better stay here with it, Pat."

The snow was falling heavily now, and the man beside that still form failed to notice the approach of a hurrying figure till he came under the street lamp. Now he had passed and was looking back. "A Merry Christmas to you, officer!" he shouted over one shoulder, and was gone. The policeman stamped his feet and clapped his gauntlets together. His breath rose in a cloud of steam. "And yet people talk about a 'Merry Christmas'," he said.

But a little Child had passed over the city that night, and it was a glorious Christmas morning.

T. E. H.

"Dost thou look back on what hath been?"

—*Tennyson.*

Through the portals of the College
Many a worthy lad has passed
With his friends and boon companions
Vowing friendship to the last.
When they heard the blast of war
Against the foe they massed,
And for the sake of old St. Andrew's
Held their trench-line fast.

You who thus have gone before,
Leaving these familiar halls,
Venturing far amid life's battles
Beyond the old school walls.
On your happy times of playing
Cricket, hockey, and football,
On your serious hours of learning,
Do you now look back at all?

I. B. M.

Sports Day

THE annual track and field meet took place in the Autumn term this year instead of the spring term, as has been the custom. The reason for this innovation was that the spring is a short school season with a great many activities, such as cricket, cadet corps inspection and others, and examinations must not be overlooked.

Saturday, October 1st, the day set for the finals, was a wonderful day for the sports, with a cloudless sky and warm breeze. A goodly crowd of spectators assembled to watch the numerous contests.

At three o'clock, a bugle call announced the first race and until after five o'clock the various events claimed the attention of the onlookers and interest did not flag for an instant.

When the last, but not least, race, namely, the consolation race, was over, and the tumult and the shouting had died, Sir William Mulock came forward with Dr. Macdonald to present the cups, medals, and other coveted prizes, to the victors.

The Junior championship was retained by Harold Cox, last year's winner, and W. Adams I secured the senior championship.

The young blood then adjourned to the dining hall and orchestra, and a short dance took place, lasting until half-past six.



DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

LIST OF WINNERS

Preliminary events

One mile run—1st, Cox I; 2nd, Adams I; 3rd, Allen. Time—5 mins. 28 secs.

Half-mile run—1st, Adams I; 2nd, Clement; 3rd, Robertson. Time—2 min. 29 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.

440 yards dash—1st, Adams I; 2nd, Clement; 3rd, Hamilton. Time, 59 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.

220 yards dash (senior)—1st, Thomson I, H. M.; 2nd, Adams I; 3rd, Clement. Time, 25 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

220 yards dash (junior)—1st, Cox III, H.M.; 2nd, Straith II. Time, 28 seconds.

Throwing the cricket ball (senior)—1st, Donnelly, H. G.; 2nd, Moffatt. Distance, 300 feet.

Throwing the cricket ball (junior)—1st, Hood; 2nd, Straith II. Distance, 232 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

Running high jump (junior)—1st, Cox III, H.M.; 2nd, Hood; 3rd, Adamson. Height, 4 ft. 5 in.

Running broad jump (senior)—1st, Donnelly, H. G.; 2nd, Moffatt. Distance, 18 ft. 4 in.

Running broad jump (junior)—1st, Hood; 2nd, Cox, H.M.; 3rd, Straith II. Distance, 14 ft. 10 in.

Putting the shot—1st, Allen; 2nd, Donnelly. Distance, 35 feet.

Final Events

100 yards dash (under 17)—1st, Adams I; 2nd, Rowell. Time, 11 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

50 yards dash (preparatory and first forms)—1st, Jarvis II.

100 yards dash (senior)—1st, Thomson I, H.M.; 2nd, Allen; 3rd, Adams I. Time,

100 yards dash (under 13)—1st, Thompson III; 2nd, Jarvis II; 3rd, Adams II. Time, 14 seconds.

Lower School Handicap—1st, Straith II; 2nd, Heintzman; 3rd, Allespach II.

100 yards dash (under 16)—1st, Adams I; 2nd, Russell. Time, 11 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

100 yards dash (junior)—1st, Cox III, H.M.; 2nd, McColl. Time, 12 $\frac{1}{10}$ seconds.

Running high jump (senior)—1st, Armstrong I, T. G.; 2nd, Donnelly, H. G.; 3rd, Rowell. Height, 5 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Three-legged race—1st, Marlatt and Sisman (preparatory and first forms).

Obstacle race—1st, Armstrong II; 2nd, Straith II.

Three-legged race—1st, McColl and Russell.

Sack race—1st, Russell; 2nd, Straith II.

Hurdle race (junior)—1st, Cox III, H.M.; 2nd, McColl; 3rd, Adamson
Time, 19 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

Hurdle race (senior)—1st, Adams I; 2nd, Rowell; 3rd, Donnelly,
H. G. Time, 21 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.

Old Boys' race—1st, R. Armstrong; 2nd, Doug Tough; 3rd, John
Ellis.

Consolation race (junior)—1st, Barker.

E. S. M.



Prize Day

THE annual Prize Day of St. Andrew's College was held on the afternoon of November the 2nd. It rained as usual, but nevertheless many parents and friends took the trouble to make the journey and so we had quite a good crowd. The proceedings were opened with a lesson and prayer read by Rev. G. O. Lightbourne. Next the school hymn was sung and then the football song. Sir Joseph Flavelle, Sir Robert Falconer, Dr. H. J. Cody, Premier Henry, and Bishop Renison presented the prizes and spoke briefly to the boys.

In his opening address the Head Master paid fitting tribute to the memory of the late C. S. Blackwell, a governor of the school. Dr. Macdonald told us that the past year had been a successful one, and while outlining the various activities of the school he stated that owing to the difficulty of practising in Toronto, the hockey team would not be entered in the O.H.A. this year. In closing he welcomed Graham Tower, H. B. Housser, Professor Wrong and Dr. Duncan Graham to the school board. Mention was made of Dr. Paulin, master in charge of Memorial House, who left St. Andrew's at the close of the school year to take the rectorship of St. Andrew's Church, Newfoundland.

Sir Joseph Flavelle, in his address to the older boys of the school, stated that he could not say when the present period of financial difficulty would be over. He advised us to prepare ourselves for the strenuous times ahead.

Sir Robert Falconer, who awarded the prizes for the Upper Sixth form, warned us not to confine our interests within too narrow limits. He spoke of the value of education with regard to the constructive use of leisure hours, and whimsically referred to his keen interest in his stamp collection, and the profitable pleasure he derived from it.

Dr. Cody, welcomed to St. Andrew's as president of the University for the first time, emphasized the need of diverse interests to prepare for the wise use of spare hours which, he believed, would be more plentiful in the future, as the mechanization of industry tended to spread work about more.

Premier Henry spoke briefly of the part played by boys from St. Andrew's in the Great War and of the place which the school had come to occupy in its short life of thirty-three years. He appealed to the students to remain in Canada after leaving school, saying that the best opportunities were offered in this country.

Bishop Renison strongly endorsed Premier Henry's appeal. He pointed out that it was not only patriotic but also profitable to stay

because, as he said, "Canada is the best bet for a young man in the world to-day."

The ceremonies were fittingly closed with the singing of the National Anthem, and the parents and friends of the school went across to the dining-room, where they were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald at tea. After a few minutes' chat our guests began to leave, and so ended what was to everyone, I hope, a very pleasant Prize Day.

PRIZE LIST

Preparatory form—1st, General Proficiency, Gipton; 2nd, General Proficiency, Martin.

Form I—1st, Straith II, C.M.

Form III—1st, Armstrong II, A.R.; 2nd, MacAskill; 3rd, Jones.

Form IV—1st, Fowler; 2nd, Adams I, W.H.

Form VA—1st, MacKerrow I, R.E.; 2nd, Chapman.

Form VB—1st, Robertson; 2nd, Rea; 3rd, Rowell.

Lower VIA—1st, Parker; 2nd, Eakins; 3rd, Graham II, A.F.; 4th, Macdonald I, E.S.

Lower VIB—1st, Roden.

Upper VI—1st, Sinclair; 2nd, Hamilton I, G.P.; 3rd, Waller.

Special—MacKay.

Head Prefect's Prize—J. A. Detweiler.

Governor-General's medal—W. Leslie MacKay.

Lieutenant-Governor's silver medal—G. Powell Hamilton.

Lieutenant-Governor's bronze medal—P. B. Parker.

Chairman's gold medal—P. B. Parker.

Wyld prize in Latin—W. Leslie MacKay.

Isabelle Cockshutt prizes in history—1, R. E. MacKerrow; 2nd, E. E. Robertson.

Old Boys Medal in Mathematics—Peter A. Sinclair.

Ashton medal in English—W. Leslie MacKay.

Cooper medal in Science—Allen F. Graham.

Georges Etienne Carter medal in French—James H. Hamilton.

Hulbig medal in Mathematics—P. B. Parker.

Ellsworth Cup, for annual competition for the best platoon in the Cadet Corps, won by Platoon No. 1, T. George Armstrong (commanding).

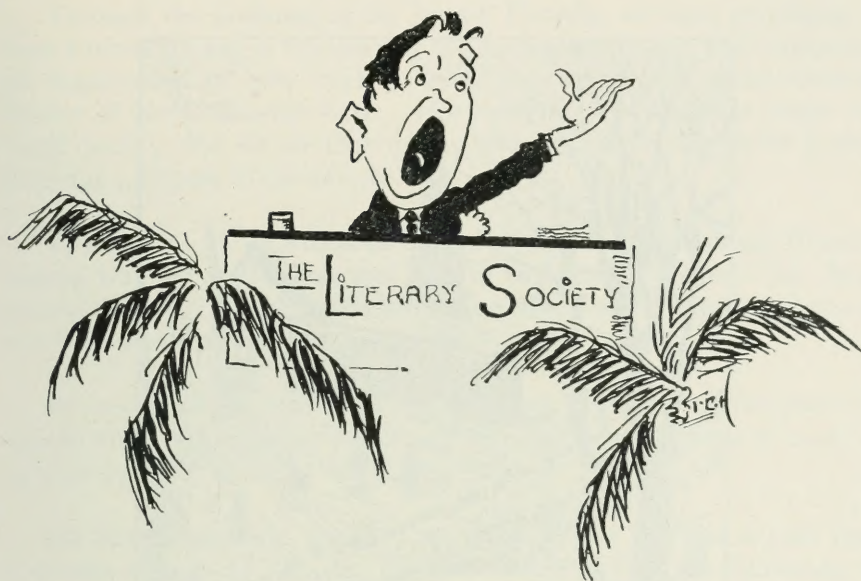
Lawrence Crowe medal—J. H. Donovan.

Thorley medal—E. H. Ellis.

Christie Cup—R. H. Waller.

Cricket Cup—T. George Armstrong.

48th Highlanders' Chapter of the I.O.D.E. Rifle (for proficiency in shooting)—T. G. Armstrong.



The first meeting of the Literary Society was held on Saturday night, November 5th.

Dr. Macdonald opened the meeting with a short speech explaining the purpose of the Literary Society, and a few hints on electing suitable boys to the various posts on the Society.

The "Awe" Club orchestra, under the able leadership of Thomson I, performed several musical numbers. This was followed by an impromptu speech by Hethrington. MacIver and Frith favoured us with a few selections on the piano.

The following were elected:

First Vice-President—Thomson I.

Second Vice-President—Parker.

Secretary—Macdonald I.

Historians—Hare and Clement.

Memorial House Representatives—Pipe and Cox I.

Flavelle House Representatives—Hethrington, Macdonald II and Robertson.

Macdonald House Representatives—Finlay and Thompson II.

We hope the Literary Society meetings will get well under way after the Christmas holidays, as it was rather later in starting than is usual. Several fine skits are being looked forward to eagerly from Thomson and Company.



Chapel Notes

DAVISON—STERN

The first wedding in the new College Chapel was solemnized at one o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, June 25th, 1932, when Harold Doran Davison was united in marriage to Miss Marjorie Muriel Stern of Welland, Ontario.

The groom, when at the College, was known as "Bud" Davison, to distinguish him from his brother and his cousin, who attended at the same time. Bud was a very popular boy, and excelled in gymnastics; he will be well remembered by his classmates. He left us in June, 1909.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Paulin, assisted by the Headmaster. Mr. Crookshank played the wedding music, and two of the prefects, Detweiler and Waller, acted as ushers. Harold Davison, son of the groom, was best man.

After a wedding breakfast with Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald in the Headmaster's residence, the happy couple motored to Muskoka. They now reside in Welland.

Through the kindness of Sir Joseph Flavelle, we were privileged to hear a musical treat in the voice of Mr. Leonard Wookey, who postponed an engagement in New York in order to sing at our Sunday evening service of November the sixth. His voice has a remarkable range and tonal quality, and we are indebted to him and to Sir Joseph for a most inspiring addition to our service.

The Rev. G. O. Lightbourne helped to officiate at our usual Remembrance Day service, which was held in the School Chapel. Dr. Macdonald delivered a brief address on the exploits of St. Andrew's boys on every front during the great struggle.

We are hoping to hear from Mr. Ketchum again during the year; his superb violin solo of some weeks ago was a pleasant surprise to many of us who were not aware of his talent.

* * * *

On Sunday evening, October the thirtieth, we received a visit from Professor George M. Wrong, Professor emeritus of the University of Toronto, and newly-appointed member of our Board of Governors. Professor Wrong spoke to us in the significance of the Lord's Prayer, breathing a deeper meaning into its familiar clauses. We trust that he will be with us again in the not far distant future.

Cadet Corps

THE Cadet Corps this year is again under the able instruction of Capt. C. A. B. Young and the work has progressed very favourably.

The simpler movements of company drill have already been gone through.

The pipe band has not been fully organized as yet. Mr. Dowden is again looking after the rifle-shooting and everyone is taking to this sport with very keen interest. It is hoped that we will have a first-class team this year to compete in provincial contests.

The following officers and N.C.O.'s have been appointed:—

Captain—T. G. Armstrong

1st Lieut.—J. D. Perrin

2nd Lieut.—J. M. Shapley

C.S.M.—H. M. Thomson

C.Q.M.S.—J. F. Hughes

Officer in charge of the Band—J. H. Hamilton.

An Intellectual Week-End

ON Saturday evening, November the 12th, we were favoured with an address by Mr. H. J. C. Mackarness on the subject, "Books and Reading." Mr. Mackarness, who is an author and lecturer of distinction with an almost unbelievable record as an Oxford graduate, stressed the importance of what he termed "selective reading", and condemned, in some beautifully appropriate phrases, a large percentage of present-day literature. He emphasized the importance of reading really good books as an end to acquiring culture, and profiting by the experience of really great minds in our own struggle with life.

At the conclusion of his address, many of us were privileged to talk with him personally in Dr. Macdonald's library, an occasion which proved to be intensely interesting.

On Sunday morning in the Chapel, he read Browning's *An Epistle*, and accompanied it with a few words on the author.

When he put in an appearance again on Monday morning, with a volume of Kipling's verse under his arm, he seemed like an old acquaintance. He maintained that Kipling is the greatest living master of the English language, and to substantiate his assertion, he read a few selections which best served to illustrate Kipling's remarkable versatility of theme and treatment, concluding with the ever popular *Gunga Din*.

Judging by the applause which greeted him, it is safe to say that this Englishman and his mild manners and infectious smile had succeeded in reaching even those who are usually—to quote a phrase of his own—"dead from the neck up".

We appreciated his all too short visit. Intellectual week-ends are all too rare.

"Believe It or Not--"

We almost were visited by Mr. Ripley, that intrepid collector of strange facts. Having heard and read of his endless achievements, we were a little disappointed when he failed to show up. Gordon Sinclair, who has braved the nameless terrors of darkest India, didn't look in on us either. Courage, gentlemen!—We may not be civilized, but we won't eat you.

Lower School Activities

HALLOWE'EN was happily celebrated by the boys of Macdonald House at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Tudball, with the assistance of Miss De Vigne.

The library—the scene of the festivities—was gayly hung with seasonable decorations. Rows of suspended apples reflected the light from the open hearth, and the table, groaning under the weight of frosted cakes, candies and all good things to eat, made the onlooker reflect on that famous line, "And how can man die better than facing fearful odds?"

Hood, Read, Heintzman, Pentland, Harris and Armstrong were the successful participants in the games, and were awarded prizes.

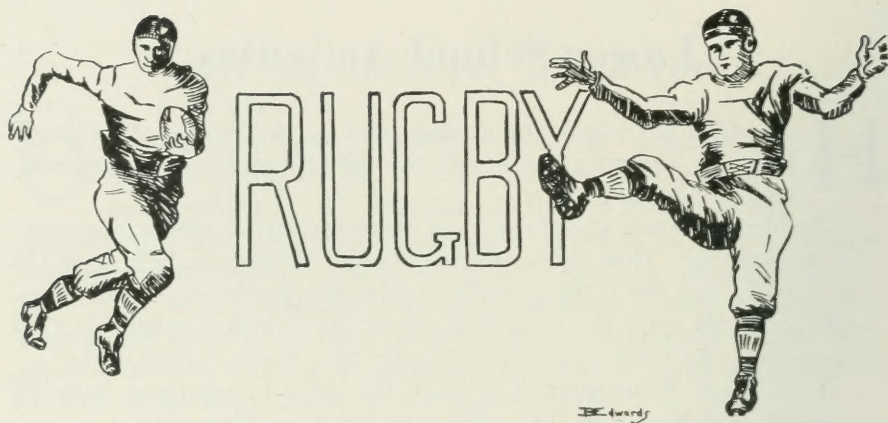
The hosts were given three hearty cheers as the boys went off to bed, and the volume of sound produced was an indication of the good time had by the "guests".

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The gift of many interesting books to the Lower School Library from Pentland is gratefully acknowledged by the boys of Macdonald House.



ANTICS AND ANTIQUES



FIRST TEAM RUGBY

First team rugby material was none too plentiful this year. Mr. Griffiths was confronted with the task of building up a team with but few colours available. Notwithstanding the difficulties a loyal and hard-fighting squad was whipped into shape.

Victories were none too numerous. However, Andreans present and past who witnessed the games were loud in their praises of the spirit shown by the players individually, and the team as a whole.

Injuries were few. Shoch managed to injure his nose and Chapman was missed in the little Big Four games.

Mr. Griffith's untiring efforts on behalf of the team were much appreciated. He merits the satisfaction gained by those who undertake successfully a difficult task.

NORTH TORONTO vs. S.A.C.

(First game)

In an exhibition game played on our grounds, the North Toronto Collegiate team defeated us 19-8. They displayed a great proficiency in the forward pass and scored all their touchdowns via that route, while our team had no adequate defense against it. S.A.C. showed that they were fairly good at throwing passes, too, but were unable to follow up their gains by a score. Teams:

North Toronto—Bolan, Swindon, Hodges, Morrow, Monay, MacDougall, Heney, Ritchie, Lyddiat, MacPherson, Armstrong, Spall; alternates, Taft, Starr.

St. Andrew's—Allen, Moffatt, Hughes, Perrin, Corson, Armstrong, Plaunt, Fee, Graham, Cox, Chapman, Shoch, Chapman; subs., Pipe, Parker, McKerrow, Hamilton, Donnelly.

LAKEFIELD vs. ST. ANDREW'S

This year we were hosts to the Lakefield School first team on Saturday, October 6. We were accustomed to playing our second or third team against them, but as this year Lakefield asked us for a game with our firsts, we were only too glad to receive them.

They were, however, no match for our heavier and more experienced squad, and the game ended with the score 27-1 in our favour. Allen accounted for four of our touchdowns, while Moffatt's kicking supplied the rest. Lakefield tried hard and displayed a great fighting spirit, but were unable to secure more than one point.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. NORTH TORONTO

On the Monday following the first game with U.C.C., the firsts journeyed to Toronto for their return game with North Toronto Collegiate. The team showed a considerable improvement over their previous display and scored a well-earned victory, the score being 15-8. At half-time the two teams were deadlocked, but in the second half St. Andrew's were superior and two lengthy kicks by Perrin gave us a two point lead. A few minutes later Hughes intercepted a forward pass and then shot the ball to Allen, who waded through a maze of tacklers for a touchdown, which more or less clinched the game for us, since there were only about three minutes to go.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. U.C.C.

(First game)

This year an extra exhibition game was arranged with U.C.C., to be played under intercollegiate rules, and it took place on their grounds on Saturday, October 15.

First quarter

U.C.C. kicked off and Moffatt received. S.A.C. made yards on a completed forward pass and play moved into our opponents' territory. On an exchange of kicks U.C.C. were favoured and play see-sawed back and forth in centre field, with neither team able to score. End of first quarter: U.C.C. 0, S.A.C. 0.

Second quarter

U.C.C. started with a rush and after making yards twice, secured a single point by a touch in goal. U.C.C. again made yards and Wolfe rounded the end for a touchdown, which they converted. End of second quarter: U.C.C. 7, S.A.C. 0.

Third quarter

St. Andrew's started the second half well, but after a fumble and some loose tackling, Upper Canada found themselves in a position to score a touchdown. U.C.C. had much the better of the play. End of third quarter: U.C.C. 13, S.A.C. 0.

Fourth quarter

S.A.C. seemed to be tiring and unable to do some effective tackling, while Upper Canada had hit their stride nicely. S.A.C. were in a position to score, but a fumble cost us the ball. U.C.C. made a gain of 35 yards around the end, where Moffatt made a nice tackle on our 10 yard line. It proved of no avail, however, as on the next down Newton went over for a try which was converted. S.A.C. tried hard, but were unable to score. U.C.C. 19, S.A.C. 0.

S.A.C. vs. PICKERING

(First game)

Our second game was with our Newmarket neighbours—Pickering—and was played on their grounds.

We came out the winners by 5-0. The game was played in a drenching rain, which naturally led to quite a number of fumbles and miscues.

During the last half, the game developed into a very spirited one and provided a lot of thrills. Shoch's tackling was noteworthy, as was Moffatt's fine drop-kick.

Pickering—Dene, Francis, Laing, Stronach, McMahon, Statten, Stewart, Whitaker, Davis, Bond, West, Peace; subs., Copp, Enstone, Tickner, Handley, McKenzie, Palmer, Charlton.

S.A.C.—Allen, Moffatt, Perrin, Fee, Corson, Armstrong, Hamilton, Plaunt, Graham, Cox, Shoch, Chapman; subs., Parker, Rowell, McKerrow, Gladman, Robertson.

S.A.C. vs. PICKERING

The return game was played on the S.A.C. field and resulted in a victory for us. It was a very loose game with both teams fumbling considerably. Our two points were the result of Moffatt's kicks. Pickering tried hard and deserved a score of some sort, but could not get in a position for one.

Fee at half and Cox at middle were our chief ground-gainers, whilst Stronach and McMahon were the mainstays of the Pickering team.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. RIDLEY COLLEGE

This year the annual game was played at St. Catharines. The day

seemed to have been made to order; there was a bright sun, cloudless sky, and only a very slight wind.

FIRST PERIOD

The game began at about half-past two with Ridley kicking off. The ball was returned by Moffatt to Powell, who made a spectacular run to our 55 yard line. After several yard-gaining line plunges, the ball was given to Francis, who ran 20 yards to make the first touchdown after five minutes of play. Powell converted. From then until near the end of the period, play see-sawed around mid-field. Both teams did a picking up a fumbled ball and kicking, St. Andrew's drove Ridley back near their goal line. The latter, however, managed to hold their own until the whistle blew.

SECOND PERIOD

Before long, Ridley had worked their way back into their opponents' territory again. St. Andrew's held their own admirably for a time, but Powell's kicking finally forced them to rouge. From their 25 yard line, St. Andrew's failed to make any yards, and were obliged to kick. Ridley then bucked their way down to within 15 yards of our goal line. Here they tried to score a field-goal which failed to go over the posts, yet won for them a point. St. Andrew's again made no headway, and Ridley were soon in possession of the ball. A successful onside kick, followed by an ordinary kick, added another point to Ridley's score. Then for a time, St. Andrew's held their opponents back and even took the offensive on one occasion when Parker fell on a loose ball. But before the period had ended, Ridley had scored a safety touch.

Score at half-time, B.R.C. 11; S.A.C. 0.

THIRD PERIOD

The second half of the game began with the visiting team kicking off. Ridley returned it. On St. Andrew's first down, the ball was blocked, and Rossiter picked it up and ran to our 45 yard line. A long lateral pass from the quarterback to the left halfback, and Ridley pressed closer to our goal line. Due to the clever running of Powell and the line plunging of Francis, Ridley scored another touchdown. They failed to convert. Shortly after the kick-off owing to a fumbled ball on Ridley's part, St. Andrew's had their opponents near the goal line. Nevertheless Ridley managed to shove us back to centre field where we finally kicked. Ridley fumbled the ball, but regained it on their 5 yard line. Here we held them back until it was our ball, twelve yards out from the goal line. After two unsuccessful plunges, Moffatt kicked for an easy point. Ridley kicked from their 25 yard line, our backfield fumbled, and Mac-kenzie picked up the ball and ran for a touchdown. Powell converted.

LAST PERIOD

It wasn't long before Ridley had made their way into our territory again. One of Powell's long high kicks, fumbled by Hughes, and Ridley was on our 6 yard line. Frid bucked it over and Powell gained another point. Soon after our kick-off, Ridley was again threatening our goal line. Owen plunged for a touchdown and another six points were added to Ridley's score. Yet after another kick-off, the tables were turned. On one of our kicks, Ridley's halfback fumbled, Parker kicked the ball down the field, ran down and jumped on it at Ridley's 5 yard line. On the first two downs we only made two yards. On the last down, St. Andrew's risked an onside kick. Powell was standing ready to catch the ball when Donnelly, leaving his feet, skilfully intercepted it. We failed to convert. Ridley, however, soon made up for it when Gartshore picked up a loose ball and crossed the goal-line. Powell converted. Before the game had ended, through Powell's running and Francis' plunging, Ridley scored another six points.

Final score, B.R.C. 46; S.A.C. 6.

Ridley's line-up: halves, Owen, Powell, Francis; flying wing, Buck; quarter, Ripley; snap, MacKenzie; scrim-supports, Goad, McLaughlan; insides, Gartshore, Kingsmill; middles, Harris, Frid; outsides, Hart, Rossiter; subs., Harper, Smeaton, Orr, Botterell, Hilton, Mackenzie.

St. Andrew's line-up: halves, Moffatt, Donnelly, Hughes; flying wing, Perrin; quarter, Parker; snap, Armstrong; scrim-supports, Cox, Shoch; insides, Fee, Plaunt; middles, Graham, Allen; outsides, Corson, Chapman; subs., Pipe, Hamilton, Roden, MacKerrow, Rowell.

H. M. T.

Old Boys' Rugby Game

THIS was the first Old Boys' rugby match since 1920, when the ex-collegians were victorious.

The Old Boys' condition was not by any means as good as it might have been; however, with numerous substitutes they were able to offset this problem.

We owe our thanks to Jack Brown, who was largely responsible for the organization of the team and the game.

At 1.05 p.m., Bruce Scythes, clad in complete Argo regalia, takes the field and entertains a group of Lower School with an exhibition of punting, forward passing, drop kicking and shadow tackling.

2 p.m. Coach Ramsay arrives and searches for his team. Can only locate one man, Benny Hoops, who is clamouring for a pair of knee-pads and a helmet.

2.15 p.m. The entire Miller family arrives, accompanied by Dunbar Falconer.

2.30 p.m. The boys are dressing rapidly now and seem eager for the fray. Hambly appoints himself captain among many dissenting voices.

3 p.m. The two teams are now on the field. The Old Boys decide on the huddle system of signals—a chance for a breather.

FIRST QUARTER

Allen kicks off for St. Andrew's and the Old Boys begin bucking on their 35-yard line and make yards twice in a short time, which enables Hambly to kick for the first point of the game.

There is no more score before the quarter ends, and the Old Boys can be seen to be puffing considerably.



SIGNS OF DEPRESSION

SECOND QUARTER

The St. Andrew's team, determined to check their opponents, fail to tackle Bill Lovering, who makes a sensational run around the short-end.

On the next kick St. Andrew's fumbles behind their own line and Ted Smart falls on the loose ball for a major score.

Ev. Smith, the oldest old boy on the team, converts with a pair of golf shoes on.

Neither team makes any more worth-while gains until Freddie Miller on an end-run streaks across the goal-line for a touchdown, making the score, as the half ends, 12-0 for the Old Boys.

THIRD QUARTER

After the rest the Old Boys seem to be weakening, as frequent substitutions are required; although they are holding their own, they are not as impressive as in the first half.

The school team slowly forges up the field, completing several forward passes. The end of the quarter arrives as Lough passes the ball to one of his opponents.

FOURTH QUARTER

The Old Boys are now in a dangerous position, but Joe Cameron relieves the situation by a brilliant run; and St. Andrew's do not score, although they nearly went over for a touchdown.

The game is over and the Old Boys are victorious by the score of 12-0; it certainly is not their stamina that won the game.

The Old Boys' team was as follows: Halves—J. Cameron, R. Miller, Hambly. Flying wing—Lovering. Snap—Hoops. Quarterback—Brown. Insides—McTaggart, Banfield. Middles—Heggie, Broome. Outsides—Wilson, Scythes. Alternates—F. Miller, E. Smith, M. Sprott, D. Lough, Bob Armstrong, Ted Smart, Tom Gordon, Don Russell, Ken Brown.

UPPER CANADA vs. ST. ANDREW'S

(Second Game)

A day that will never be forgotten in the lives of the rugby team was the day they met U.C.C. on our grounds.

The field was a veritable sea of mud, and in addition a light rain drenched everyone to the skin. St. Andrew's were out for revenge for their defeat at the hands of U.C.C. two weeks before, and very nearly got it. The team strove valiantly all through and made a great bid for victory, but fell short by the small margin of three points.

FIRST QUARTER

U.C.C. kicked off and S.A.C. halves ran it back ten yards. Moffatt kicked on first down and Donnelly recovered Newton's fumble. Moffatt kicked again and U.C.C. were forced back to their four-yard line. On the first play their halves were thrown back behind their own line, on a bad snap, resulting in a safety touch for St. Andrew's. Play remained in midfield until the end of the first quarter. Score: S.A.C. 2, U.C.C. 0.

SECOND QUARTER

Upper Canada, having the wind, kicked every time, but it was not until Moffatt was hurt that they secured a point. Moffatt, playing brilliantly up to this time, had to be carried off, and did not see action again. This was a great loss to the team but they held until near the end of the quarter, when U.C.C. secured another single. Half-time: U.C.C. 2, S.A.C. 2.

THIRD QUARTER

In the third quarter Upper Canada made a determined attack and were rewarded with a single when Hughes was rouged. A few minutes later one of Perrin's kicks hit the cross-bar on our goal line and bounded back, which was recovered for a safety touch.

There was no further scoring in this period, although Donnelly was outlucked on one occasion when he dribbled the ball into touch which might have resulted in a score for us.

FOURTH QUARTER

St. Andrew's made a desperate attempt to tie the score and had several chances to do so, when they were on their opponents' 20-yard line three times only to lose the ball through not gaining yards. The period ended with St. Andrew's pressing hard, but with no further score. Final score: S.A.C. 2, U.C.C. 5.

Graham, Donnelly and Moffatt were our best; while the Newton brothers starred for U.C.C.

Teams:

St. Andrew's—Flying wing, Allen; halves, Perrin, Hughes, Moffatt; quarter, Parker; snap, Armstrong; scrim supports, Cox, Roden; insides, Plaunt, Hamilton; middles, Allen, Graham; outsides, Shoch, Gladman; subs., Pipe, Free, MacKerrow, Corson, Chapman, Rowell.

Upper Canada—Flying wing, W. Newton; halves, Wolfe, Martens, J. Newton; quarter, Welch; snap, Douglas; supports, Lash, Farlinger; insides, Dellis, Douglas; middles, Symmes, Powell; outsides, Gooderham, Wood; subs., Corksill, Elmsley, Fairhead, Campbell, Denny.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

The last game of our series was with Trinity. It was played at Port Hope. The day was moderately good; the sun was partly obscured by a mackerel sky, and there was scarcely any wind.

FIRST PERIOD

The game began with T.C.S. kicking off. For the first few minutes play was, for the most part, in centre field. Yet St. Andrew's, by jumping on a fumbled ball and immediately kicking, had Trinity back to the latter's 10 yard line. At this point a kicking duel took place between Moffatt and Cassels. The latter decidedly outkicked Moffatt and, although we kept driving them back around their 9 yard line, yet Cassels managed to come to the rescue every time. Things looked bad for T.C.S. until on one of their kicks S.A.C. blocked the ball, but it was luckily recovered by Trinity on their 20 yard line. During the rest of the quarter, play alternated at centre field.

SECOND PERIOD

Soon after the period had begun T.C.S., owing to one of Cassels' excellent kicks, had us near our goal line. Although our team, the back-field in particular, fought desperately, T.C.S. gradually forced us back

until Moffatt had been forced to rouge. Before long Trinity had again worked their way back into our territory. On two occasions Moffatt, by skilful broken-field running and pivoting, brought the ball out from behind our goal-line. T.C.S. on the next play, however, forced us to rouge. St. Andrew's kicked from their 25 yard line and Padley, Trinity's halfback, ran the ball back to his 40 yard line. A brilliant line plunge by Wynn, a remarkable kick by Powell, and the ball sailed over our deadline.

Score at half-time, T.C.S. 3; S.A.C. 0.

THIRD PERIOD

During this period, play took place, with the exception of one occasion when it was at mid-field, in Trinity's territory. Both teams did a considerable amount of kicking, and Perrin, who for a while relieved Moffatt, made kicks which compared very favourably with those of Cassels. Although St. Andrew's were on the offensive all the time, yet Trinity's kicking barely managed to hold us at bay.

LAST PERIOD

The last quarter began with the teams at approximately centre field. Before long, we had our opponents back in their territory again. There was great excitement when Allen broke away for 25 yards to Trinity's 32 yard line. Something went wrong on our first down, but Parker carried the ball for a two-yard gain. On the next down, Donnelly broke away and crossed Trinity's goal line; unfortunately the play was called back due to interference. However, on the next play Perrin cleverly kicked a low, bouncing ball from the 31 yard line which gained for us our only point. From then until the whistle blew, St. Andrew's fought like demons, but were unable to score.

Final score, T.C.S. 3; S.A.C. 1.

Trinity's line-up: halves, Cassels I, Whitehead I, Cochran; flying wing, Trenholme; quarter, Vaughan II; snap, Robson; scrim-supports, Powell, Barber; insides, Waldie, Armstrong; middles, Rogers, Wynn; outsides, Knox, McCloskey; subs., Padley, Reid II, Braden, Bell, Newman.

St. Andrew's line-up: halves, Moffatt, Hughes, Perrin; flying wing, Donnelly; quarter, Parker; snap, Armstrong I; scrim-supports, Roden, Cox I; insides, Fee, Plaunt; middles, Allen, Graham; outsides, Gladman, Shoch; subs., Pipe, Hamilton, Chapman, Mackerrow I, Rowell.

H. M. T.

St. Andrew's at the Exhibition

ON Friday, September 2nd, the contest for the junior gymnastic titles of Canada was held before the grandstand at the Canadian National Exhibition. St. Andrew's was represented by H. G. Donnelly and E. S. Macdonald, who had joined the Central Y.M.C.A. gymnastic class in the summer in order to practice.

Eighteen competitors registered, of whom six were entered from Sarnia Collegiate Institute.

Each contestant was required to perform one series of voluntary exercises on each of the four pieces of apparatus and was marked from a maximum of 100 on each piece. Points were given for difficulty, variety, beauty of combination, execution, general form, approach and retreat.

The all-round championship was won by L. Mackenzie, of Sarnia, for the second successive year. He also carried off three gold medals for first place on the parallel bars, side horse, and in tumbling.

E. S. Macdonald won second place in the all-round, for which he received a silver medal. He received a gold medal for the high bar championship and a bronze medal for third place on the side horse.

H. G. Donnelly ranked third in the all-round championship, winning a bronze medal. He was also the recipient of a silver medal for second on the high bar and a silver medal for second on the parallel bars.

Thus St. Andrew's won two of the three places in the championship.



The Student Prints.

BEARCATS

THE most successful team in the school this year was the Bearcats [120 lbs.], winning four games and losing two, which is a splendid record considering the small numbers which turned out for practices.

Much credit is due to Mr. Ketchum for his untiring efforts in coaching the team, which was able at all times to give a good account of itself.



PICKERING AT ST. ANDREW'S

The Bearcats opened the season at home with Pickering and won by the score of 12 to 6. The game was fast, and both teams fought their hardest until the final whistle blew. Adams went over for the first touchdown for St. Andrew's, and MacAskill fell on the ball behind the Pickering line for the second major score. Later Pickering intercepted a forward pass and scored a touchdown. MacKerrow, Adams and Rea were outstanding for St. Andrew's.

ST. ANDREW'S AT PICKERING

In the return game with Pickering there was a strong wind and the team facing it had difficulty in holding their own. McColl went over the line for a touchdown after a long run by Moorehead. Pickering soon after captured a loose ball after a blocked kick behind the S.A.C. goal-line to tie the score at the end of the first half. Rea brought the score up five more points following a big gain by McIver. The game ended with St. Andrew's leading by 12 to 6.

ST. ANDREW'S AT TRINITY

The Bearcats were opposed by a heavier team in this game, but had a slight edge on their opponents in speed. From start to finish it was a hard fought game, with both sides hoping for the break that might decide the issue. Off-sides nearly cost the Andreans the game at one time, but T.C.S. failed to score again, and with only a minute and a half left to go McIver snatched victory out of the hands of T.C.S. by a sensational run around the end which brought the score up to 13 to 12 for St. Andrew's, which was the final score. McIver, McColl, Doyle and Rea were best for the Bearcats.

TRINITY AT ST. ANDREW'S

In this game the Bearcats got off to a flying start, scoring two touchdowns in ten minutes, McIver and Adams gaining the points. All their plays went smoothly, and the tackling of McColl and Doyle was outstanding. T.C.S. fought stolidly, but did not seem to show the form they did in the previous game. In the last quarter Cox III kicked a placement and a rouge, and Adams carried the ball through the Trinity team for a touchdown. The final score was: St. Andrew's 26; Trinity 1. Cox III, Adams and McColl played the best for the St. Andrew's team.

UPPER CANADA AT ST. ANDREW'S

The Bearcats suffered their first defeat of the season from the hands of Upper Canada College, who played us at Aurora in the first of two games. Although the St. Andrew's team was lighter, and was outkicked, they fought hard at all times. Upper Canada went into the lead early in the game with a touchdown, and from then on kept adding points to their total. St. Andrew's came close to scoring a major count on several occasions, but could not quite make it. The final score was: U.C.C. 18; S.A.C. 1.

ST. ANDREW'S AT UPPER CANADA

Playing Upper Canada on their home grounds the Bearcats were again beaten, although they played a much better game than the last one. Again the kicking of Hunter held the St. Andrew's team in check, but notwithstanding this factor, the Bearcats put up a great fight. The final score was: U.C.C. 17; S.A.C. 5.



Lower School Rugby

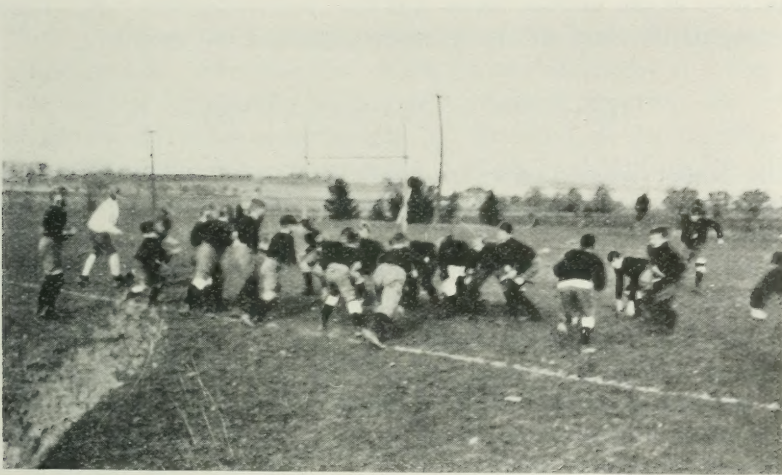
THE Lower School team played four exhibition games, two with U.C.C. and two with T.C.S. Daily practice "tilts" against the "blue" team led by Finlay, Holton and Hood also took place.

St. Andrew's scored a decisive victory against T.C.S. here in the opening game. Morton, who later fractured his thumb, was a big factor in the victory.

The return game played at T.C.S. resulted in an equally decisive victory for T.C.S. Adamson, MacKerrow and Pentland performed

creditably. Cutten, the speedy T.C.S. half, was responsible for all the points scored by his team. Against S.A.C., the Upper Canada squad registered two victories. Armstrong II and Thompson III, as well as the above-mentioned players, were outstanding.

Read, Archibald, Rowan, Jarvis I, Jarvis II, Carr, Adams, Sisman, Allespach, Marlatt, Henderson and Gripton tried hard in every game, and obtained valuable experience.



JUNIOR SCHOOL SOCCER

Owing to bad weather conditions we were unable to play as much soccer this year as in previous seasons.

However, we managed to have six or seven "pick-up" games, which were sufficient to give newcomers a rough idea of the game.

By becoming completely out of breath in a few minutes the players soon learnt the first principle of soccer—that is, to play their places and not to chase the ball all over the field.

Allespach II, Douglas, Heintzman and Martin did well considering their size; whilst Hood, Finlay, Mackenzie, McEachren, Thompson II, and Russell were outstanding among the bigger boys. The annual match vs. Crescent School had, unfortunately, to be cancelled owing to the heavy snowfall.

Y.

THE SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY

It was nip and tuck all the way between Hamilton and Cox I for premier honours in the senior cross-country run.

Cox proved to be a little faster in the heavy going and finished a few seconds before Hamilton. Adams, running nicely all the way, finished third. The time for the event was 24 min., 47 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. By virtue of this victory, Cox will have his name inscribed for the second time on the Wallace trophy. Hamilton received a medal, and the other successful competitors in the various forms and flats received prizes. Mr. Fleming, President of the Athletic Association, presented the awards.

THE JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY

The Junior cross-country run was held on October 26th—a very miserable day. The time, 16.55, however, was very good, considering the hard-going.

The event was won by Hood with Cox III runner-up.

The following boys received cakes:

Mackenzie—Fourth Form cake.

Christie—Third Form cake.

Mackerrow II—Second Form cake.

Allespach I—First Form cake.

Jarvis I—Lower Flat cake.

Mackintosh—Upper Flat cake.

The stewards' cake was enjoyed by:

Armstrong I, Moffat, Perrin, Hughes, Rea, Barker, Jones, Hare.



Exchanges

THIS position of exchange editor is really most interesting and instructive. The standard of the matter which one is called upon to read is remarkably high, and it seems a pity that the various exchanges are not read more widely by the mass of the students, not simply by the editor of the department. There is no limit to the amount of new ideas and also solid facts which can be gleaned from reading the publications of our contemporaries. In order to bring about a more extensive recognition of the merits of these magazines, they are placed in an accessible position in the library so that those who care to do so can derive benefit and amusement from them. It is hoped that many will avail themselves of this opportunity.

As for you rival editors, we can but thank you for taking the trouble to send us a sample of your work, and, in some cases, for helping us along with criticism and comment. Our only regret is that we have been unable to comment on every exchange on our list. Perhaps some day we may enlarge this department. There seems to be a great deal of room for expansion in this field. In the meantime, here is our exchange list:—

The Windsorian—King's Collegiate School, Windsor, N.S.—A most interesting summer number. Your parodies are especially good. We note that you have adopted the "point" system. May it prove a success.

The Grove Chronicle—Lakefield School, Lakefield, Ontario. Your humour editor is to be congratulated. Why not try a larger exchange department?

The Quill—Crescent School, Toronto. A fine magazine. Your wide range of subject matter is to be envied. The publication of views and scenes from other schools seems to be a forward step.

The Black and Gold—St. John's College School, Winnipeg. In your midsummer issue you naturally give up most of the space to your graduating class, who seem to have done well, according to the write-ups. That piece about "The Joy of being an Editor" is certainly choice.

The Challenge—Georgetown High School. We are glad to welcome you to our exchange list and we should like to congratulate you on the high standard of your work in this, your first effort. Keep it up.

Acta Nostra—Guelph Collegiate Institute—An interesting number with an attractive appearance. Plenty of photos and sketches help to brighten it. Your exchange department is well looked after. Don't forget that we live at Aurora, not Newmarket.

The Limit—Loughborough College, Loughborough, England. We are always glad to "swap mags" with English schools, and yours seems more like our own than any other from across the seas; therefore, we like it best. That article about the Sydney Harbour bridge was certainly interesting, but what figures!

The Albanian—St. Alban's, Brockville. A really delightful little book. You are to be congratulated on your "Poet's Corner." Perhaps a little larger literary section would be an advantage.

The Scarboro Bluff—Scarboro Collegiate Institute. A well-balanced year book. That story, "Bertram's Gold" was well done. Wouldn't it be a good idea to set the "ads." apart from the rest of the magazine?

Also the following:—

The Review—Royal Military College.

The Wulfrunian—Wolverhampton School, England.

Acta Ridleiana—Ridley College, St. Catharines.

The University of Toronto Monthly.

The Branksome Slogan—Branksome Hall, Toronto.

The Harrovian—Harrow, England.

The College Times—Upper Canada College.

St. Peter's College Magazine.

Trafalgar Echoes—Trafalgar College, Montreal.

The Tollingtonian—Tollington School, England.

The Wrekinian—Wrekin College, England.

The Trinity University Review.

The Wykehamist—Wykeham School, England.

The Eagle—Bedford School, England.

The Record—Trinity College School.

Samara—Elmwood, Ottawa.

Ludemus—Havergal College, Toronto.

The Nautilus—Oliver Wendell Holmes High School, Philadelphia.

The Mitre—Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que.

The Academy Spectator—Lake Forest, Illinois.

The Annual—Barnaby South High School.

The School Magazine—Uppingham, England.



OLD BOYS' NEWS

'06. A. M. Ramsay is now a member of the following firm—Harris, Ramsay & Co., bond dealers, Toronto, and has been elected a member of the Toronto Stock Exchange.

'07. For the past two years Edward Evans, of Shanghai, China, has been on the mathematical staff of Acadia University. He is now in Toronto taking Ph.D. work in physics at the University.

'07. During the last two years George B. Elliott has been reeve for North York.

'10. Judge J. F. McKinley called at the school recently. He is now Judge of Juvenile Domestic Relations Court for Ottawa and Eastern Ontario.

'14. The Globe Petroleum Co. of Canada, Ltd., have appointed Fred. L. McCallum general manager of their new concern, which has just opened up in Toronto.

'20. Ralph E. Syer is now back in Toronto with the firm of J. S. Forgie & Co., Bank of Toronto Building.

'21. "Don" Patterson is now with Messrs. Hanson Bros., Bond House, Montreal.

'21. Dave Peene, who has been with Messrs. Cram & Ferguson (architects) in Boston for the past three years, has now come to Toronto to practise architecture.

'23. "Ted" Gallagher is now with the Canadian Industries, Ltd., stationed in Montreal.

'23. The REVIEW extends sincere congratulations to Jack Cameron on his splendid showing in the Canadian amateur golf championship. Cameron won from Sommerville, but was defeated in the final match by Gordon B. Taylor, of Montreal.

'24. Congratulations to Don Carrick on his victory in London, Ont., when he and Mr. Taylor played in a foursome against "Sandy" Sommerville and Mr. Geo. S. Lyon. Carrick was also runner-up in the Canadian amateur gold championship this summer.

'26. In the intercollegiate meet in October, Jack McLennan came third in the mile race.

'26. Allan Patterson, who has been living in Barrie for the past two years with the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has now been moved to the Bloor and Yonge St. Branch, Toronto.

'27. Donald R. Moffat is leaving for Blackburn, Eng., where he will represent Moffats Ltd. (stoves, etc.). During the past few years Moffat has travelled extensively in almost every country in the world and the Company is now opening up in this branch in England for the purpose of manufacturing for the English market and certain markets abroad.

'28. C. R. Lorway (Dalhousie B.A., '32, Law, 1934) has been elected life president of Arts and Science, '32. During his last year at Dalhousie he played on the 1st basketball team and the 2nd football team.

'28. Jack W. Herald left a few days ago for Sault Ste. Marie, where he has been appointed student engineer with the Provincial Air Service.

'28. We have just heard that "Bob" Ruddy is now with Crosse & Blackwell, Ltd.

'30. W. H. Munro of Edmonton has received an appointment to the staff of the Bank of Montreal in that city.

'32. Already we are hearing of W. Leslie Mackay's successes at the University. He won the following at the University meet on October 17th: First in pole vault; 1st in high jump, also breaking the record; 2nd in broad jump; 2nd in the 220 yards low hurdles. Mackay is attending University College.

Don Wilson, '29, is employed in the Imperial Bank in Toronto.

Bill Macdonald, '30, has a position in A. E. Ames & Co., bond dealers.

"Jimmie" James, '31, has started in at the bottom of the grocery business with the A. & P. concern.

Dick Richardson, '29, is employed in the firm of F. O'Hearn & Co., stock brokers. Johnnie Goulding, '29, and David Ely, '29, have got into the bond business.

Pete Spence, '29, is in his final year at R.M.C., after which he expects to enter the faculty of Medicine at Varsity.

Henry White, '29, is at present employed in the offices of the Ontario Public Trustee. He expects next year to enter Osgoode Hall.

Jack Follett, '28, and Jack Barron, '27, are in the offices of the Central Canada Loans & Savings.

Harvey Dennis, '26, has been moved to Montreal by the T. Eaton Co. where he is manager of the leather goods department. Murray Dennis, '23, is with the Imperial Life Insurance Co.

Tom Gordon, '31, and Cliff Temple, '27, spend their working hours in the banking world, Tom in the Nova Scotia and Cliff in the Commerce.

Sam Beauregard, '25, is in the investment department of the Manufacturers' Life.

Jack Ackerman, '32, is with Wood Gundy & Co.

Frank Crusan, '29, is studying at Lafayette Univ., Pennsylvania.

Fred Hume, '29, was ill with pneumonia early in the fall, but is now back at Toronto University entering the 4th year law.

The following Old Boys are undergraduates at Varsity:—Jack Rhynas, '30; Ned Sinclair, '31; Fred Rea, '30; Hammie Hill, '30; Jim Loblaw, '30; Jack Shortly, '28; Eric Ellsworth, '29; Mark Sprott, '29; Forbes Morlock, '30; Bob Cattle, '32; Gerry Burch, '30; Donald Moffat, '27; Randolph Crawe, '26; John Coleman, '27; "Hicky" McLennan, '26; Keith Barber, '27; George Burson, '30; Jack Wright, '30, and Les MacKay, '32; Paul Kingston, '27, and "Joe" Jackson, '27.

Walter Lumbers has been moved to Winnipeg by the Orange Crush Co.

Len Lumbers, '27, Doug Horsefall, '26, and Arnold Banfield, '25, are at present employed in the offices of the Canada Wire and Cable Co. at Leaside.

Bill Sinclair, '30, is employed in the Barber-Ellis Co., stationers.

Mark Ely, '26, is working in his father's store for men's clothing.

Joe Dunkleman, '28, has been appointed director of agencies for the Tip-Top Tailors Co.

Marty Nugent, '25, has been elected captain of the National hockey team. The Sea-Fleas are present Allan Cup holders and include "Doug" Lough, '29, and "Stuffy" Mueller, '25, in their line-up. Ross Paul, '25, expects to be able to play after Christmas.

John Kennedy, '31, Bob Waller, '32, and Claude Coots, '26, are at present attending business college.

Joe Williams, '30, is entering his third year of a course in optometry at the University of Rochester.

Jack Bascom, '29, who received his B.A. last spring, has entered the insurance game.

MARRIAGES

'07. HOWARD—PORTER—On Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, 1932, Allan MacLean Howard, Jr., married to Miss Audrey Porter of Toronto.

'07. STAVERT—ROSAMOND—On Saturday, June 25th, 1932, R. Ewart Stavert married to Miss Kathleen Helen Rosamond of Montreal.

'09. DAVISON—STERN—On Saturday, June 25th, 1932, Harold Doran Davison married to Miss Marjorie Muriel Stern of Welland.

'09. HERTZBERG—PONTON—On August 21st, 1932, Olaf Phil Hertzberg, M.C., married to Miss Phyllis Alma Ponton of Toronto.

'18. WHITEHEAD—MCINTOSH—On Thursday, June 23rd, 1932, Armand Thomas Whitehead married to Mrs. Katherine Louise McIntosh.

'19. MCLEAN—KIMBALL—On Saturday, July 20th, 1932, Hugh Robert McLean married to Miss Ruby Louise Kimball of Yuma, Arizona.

'20. REDMOND—TAIT—On Saturday, June 4th, 1932, Cesley Dobson Redmond married to Miss Margaret Tait of Montreal.

'22. BENZIE—BENJAMIN—On Saturday, June 18th, 1932, David L. Benzie married to Miss Annie Dorothy Benjamin of Toronto.

'22. HERTELL—STRATFORD—On Wednesday, September 14th, 1932, Lloyd Alexander Hertell married to Miss Helen Gertrude Stratford of Toronto.

'22. SCOTT—BARRETT—On Thursday, Oct. 20th, 1932, Malcolm H. C. Scott married to Miss Hannah Jane Barrett of Philadelphia.

'22. SIELING—MALCOLMSON—Benjamin A. Sieling married to Miss Margaret Malcolmson of Barrie, on October 15th, 1932.

'24. BOLMER—ELLSWORTH—On Sept. 17th, 1932, John Beverley Balmer married to Miss Betty Ellsworth of Toronto.

'26. BINNS—WILSON—On Wednesday, September 14th, 1932, William Noel Binns married to Miss Natalie Louise Wilson of Toronto.

'26. THORBURN—BROWN—W. Hamilton A. Thorburn married to Miss Eunice John Brown of Cleveland, on September 17th, 1932.

'27. LENTZ—GOULDING—On Saturday, July 9th, William Otis Lentz of Philadelphia married to Miss Ruby Beecher Goulding of Toronto.

'27. MOFFATT—ALLPORT—On October 1st, 1932, Donald Reid Moffat, married to Miss Charlotte Allport of Toronto.

'28. VALE—MINETT—On Friday, August 12th, 1932, A. Nisbet Vale married to Miss Jessie Audrie Minett of Toronto.

'30. COSGRAVE—TURNBULL—On April 19th, 1932, James Lyon Cosgrave married to Miss Mary Grace Turnbull of Toronto.

'31. MILLICAN—BENTHAM—Sergeant-Major Frank Millican married to Miss Rena Bentham of Toronto, on October 8th, 1932.

BIRTHS

'23. RUSSELL—On October 7th, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Russell of St. John, N.B., the birth of a son (John Allison).

'24. HOOPS—On August 12th, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Hal J. Hoops, a son.

'07. MILLIGAN—To Mr. and Mrs. Franklin S. Milligan, July 30th, 1932, the birth of a son.

'08. FLEMING—On Wednesday, November 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. Coldwin O. Fleming, a son.

'17. HOME—On October 27th, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Hedleigh M. Home, a daughter.

'18. NERLICH—On July 25th, 1932, at Montreal, to Mr. and Mrs. Victor H. Nerlich, a daughter.

'20. McWILLIAMS—On Wednesday, September 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul McWilliams (née Vera Lamb), a daughter.

'20. PRINGLE—On Tuesday, August 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. Allan A. Pringle (née Adelaide Van Dine), a son.

'21. JACOBY—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Jacoby, in October, 1932, the birth of a son.

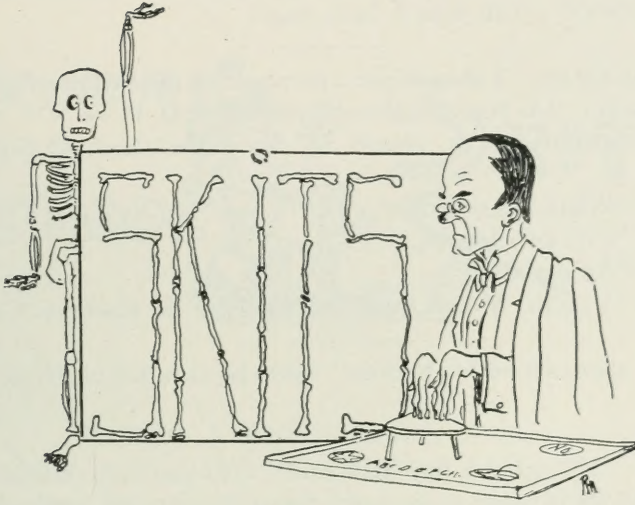
RENDELL, HUBERT FRANCIS, was born in St. John's, Newfoundland, on Nov. 5th, 1900. He came to St. Andrew's College from Bishop Field College in September, 1915, entering the Fifth Form. In 1919 he obtained his matriculation into McGill University. In the autumn of that year he entered business in St. John's. Later he went to New York, and at the time of his death was living in Toronto.

On October 30th, 1932, he died in the Edmonton Hospital as a result of a motor accident suffered a few days previously.

During his last two years at St. Andrew's, Rendell was a Prefect. He filled various offices in the school organizations, and won all his First Team colours, being captain of the hockey team.

Deservedly popular while at school, and thoroughly interested in all school activities, the news of his death will bring real sorrow to the hearts of many old school friends, who join THE REVIEW in expressing sincere sympathy to his widow and children, and to his family at home.





A man touring Europe sent a post-card home, bearing this message:—
 Dear Son: On the other side you will see a picture of the rock on which
 the Spartans used to leave their defective children to die. Wish you
 were here.

Dad.

MR. ROBINSON: What is LXXX?

GREEN: Love and kisses.

FRITH: What do we do if we're a couple of miles up in the air and
 the engine fails?

PILOT: Jump, and open your parachute.

FRITH: "But suppose the parachute fails?"

PILOT, exasperated: Flap your arms and say, "I'm a little dicky
 bird."

ABIE: "I notice that you smoke your cigarettes shorter."

SCOTTIE: "That is because I smoke them longer."

"Some motorists," said Mr. Fleming, "are in such a hurry to get into
 the next county that they go right on into the next world."

FOX: "What did you think of prize day?"

HETHRINGTON: "I didn't see a single frock that I liked."

MRS. COWAN: "There's a man at the door with a moustache."

MR. COWAN: "Tell him I have one."

MR. GOODMAN: "I should like a preparation of phenylisothiocyanate."

DRUGGIST: "Do you mean motor oil?"

MR. GOODMAN: "Yes, please. I can never think of that name."

AMOS: "What are you doin' now?"

ANDY: "I'm an exporter."

AMOS: "An exporter?"

ANDY: "Yassah, I done just got fired by de Railway Company."

"I was always fond of children," said the cannibal chief, as he stirred the soup.

GUEST: "My! what a fine little man! Do you help mother?"

JUNIOR: "Sure; I have to count the spoons for her after you've had dinner."

FRITH: "Are you fond of music?"

MOOREHEAD: "Yes; but keep right on playing."

MR. KETCHUM in the book-store in Aurora: "I'd like a book, please."

CLERK: "Something light?"

MR. KETCHUM: "Oh, it doesn't matter. I have my car with me."

MOFFATT: "I haven't slept for days."

MOFFATT: "I sleep at nights."

DONNELLY: "If you want to get thin, you must eat only fruit, toast, lean meat, and drink orange juice."

PLAUNT: "Before or after meals?"

COX I: "What would you do if you married a rich woman?"

PARKER: "Nothing."

FEE: "I'll never bet again."

MACDONALD I: "Oh, yes you will."

FEE: "I don't think so. What will you bet I won't?"

The absent-minded professor drove up to his garage, looked inside, returned to his car and drove like mad to the police station. "Sergeant, my car has been stolen."



Talking about Ghandi's untouchables, what about Captain Young's unteachables! (Second Form).

MR. COWAN (on summer vacation): "Is this a public lake, my man?"

THE INHABITANT: "Aye."

MR. COWAN: "Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?"

THE INHABITANT: "No, it will be a miracle."

An Atlantic liner was entering port, and its way was blocked by a grimy-looking barge.

"Get out of the way with that dirty old barge!" shouted an officer.

"Are you the captain of that ship?" came a voice from the barge.

"No."

"Well, don't cheek your superiors. I'm captain of this."

STRÁITH: "Got anything saved up for a rainy day?"

CARR: "Yes, a couple of old umbrellas."

At a concert a young lady began a song, "The autumn days have come. Ten thousand leaves are falling."

But she began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped.

"Start her at five thousand," cried an auctioneer present.

OLD LADY: "Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out of the window."

CONDUCTOR: "Never mind, madam, there is a switch just this side of the next station."

With the Mosquito Fleet

"What's that wriggling object off there?"

"Guess it must be a nervous wreck."

MR. TUDBALL: "Straith, what is work?"

STRAITH (stretching and opening one eye): "Everything's work."

MR. TUDBALL (not irate): "Do you mean to tell me, this table is work?"

STRAITH (closing eye and resuming former position): "Sure, wood-work."

"My friend," asked the missionary, "are you travelling the straight and narrow path?"

In silence the man handed over his card which read: "Signor Ballancio, Tight-rope Walker."

CAPTAIN YOUNG: "Is there anything you can do better than anyone else?"

HENDERSON: "Yes, sir, read my own writing."

Fire Tested!

RUSSELL: "You seem to have a lot of feeble jokes in this issue."

MR. COWAN: "Oh, I don't know, I put a bunch of them in the stove and the fire just roared."

MR. TUDBALL: "Six on each, or six hours? Choose quickly."

PENTLAND: "I'll take my time, sir."

MR. DOWDEN (to Mr. Ketchum whom he had just ditched): "Sorry. I'm afraid it was my fault."

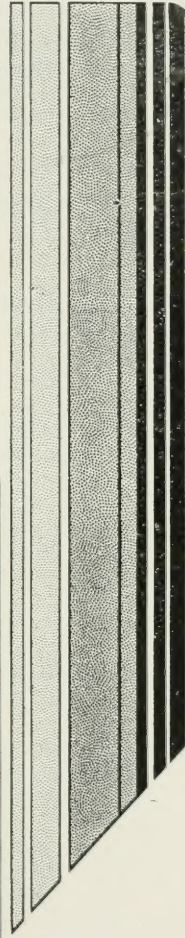
MR. KETCHUM (rubbing his arm): "Not at all; entirely mine. I could see you coming two miles away and might easily have turned up a side road."

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Mackenzie and Morton were having a discussion as to their future aspirations. Says Mack to Mort: "Whatdya intend doing when you get out of school?"

MORTON: "Huh, that's a cinch. I got it all doped out. I'm going to be a street cleaner."

MACKENZIE: "What's the big idea?"

MORTON: "Because the business is always picking up!"

The motor car, travelling at a tremendous speed, was just about to turn a very dangerous corner.

"Do people lose their lives here very frequently?" asked the nervous passenger.

"Not more than once!" said the intrepid driver, as he took a firmer grip on the wheel.

IRATE MASTER: "I'll wait till that fellow stops making a fool of himself; than I'll begin."



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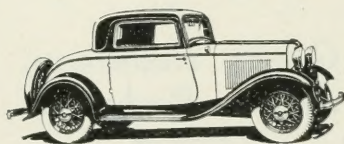
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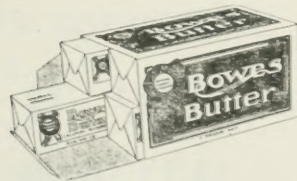
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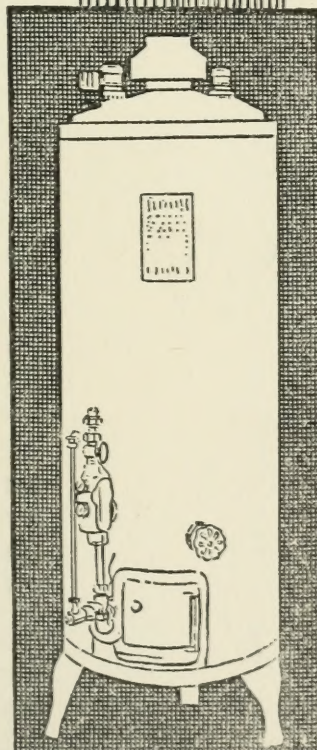
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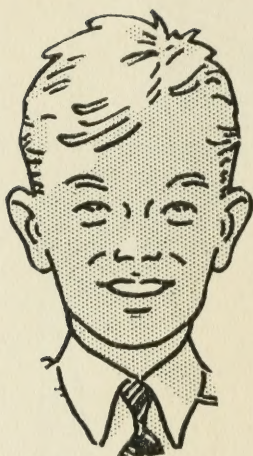
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